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Negro Race Shows Great Progress.

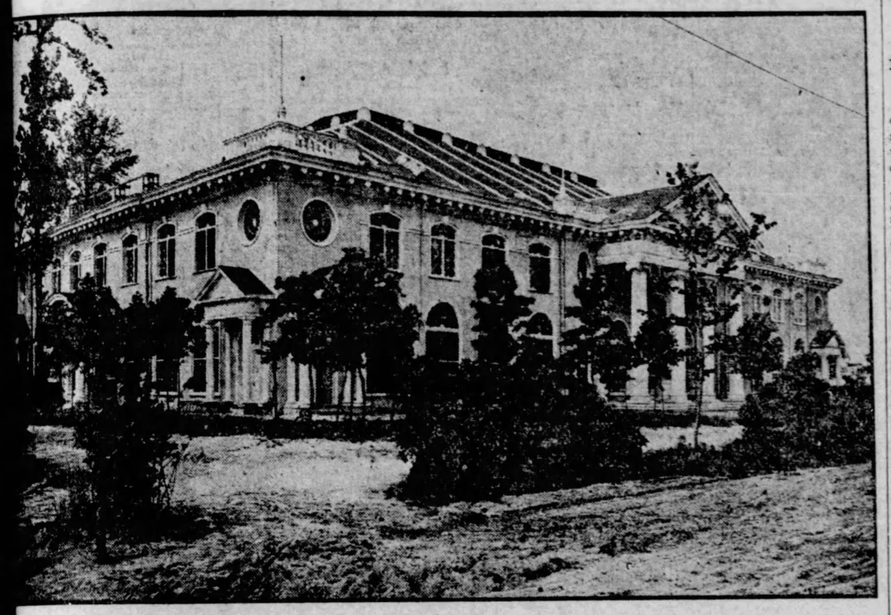
Building at Jamestown Exposition Is Filled With Many Interesting and Remarkable Exhibits.

Washington, D. C., August 24.—For the first time in history a government has made an extensive exhibit at a great international exposition to show the progress of the negro race. The United States appropriated $100,000 for the "negro building" at the Jamestown exposition and some of the progressive men and women of the negro race, under the able leadership of Giles B. Jackson, now director general of the negro exhibit, raised an additional fund for exhibits and other needed things. Within the walls of the "negro building" are many exhibits which will surprise visitors, exhibits which would do credit to any race on the face of the globe. The advancement made by the negro during the last fifty years is thoroughly demonstrated here and those who see and examine the exhibits and buildings erected by negroes will have a higher opinion of the skill, good taste and genius of that race.

The director general of the negro exhibit is himself an excellent example of the progress of his race. Giles B. Jackson, the man who has done so much for the negro's interests at the Jamestown exposition is a lawyer, a banker, a newspaper man and successful business man generally. He has accomplished a great deal not only for the negro, but for the exposition as well. He assisted in getting an appropriation for a negro building at the exposition, the amount being $100,000, and he took the lead in raising an additional fund for installing the exhibits and for constructing other buildings. Now, besides the negro building proper, there is a negro hotel, negro restaurant and a negro pavilion for amusement booths. All of these are handsome buildings and all were constructed by negro workmen, who were employed by negro capital, and the entire negro exhibit is cared for by negroes.

The able management of the negro exhibit buildings at the exposition is conducted by an executive committee consisting of T. J. Calloway, chairman; Giles B. Jackson, director general, and A. F. Hilliyer, secretary.

On the ground floor are many exhibits of art and industrial work done by negroes. A life-size portrait in oil of Giles B. Jackson, executed by J. C. Farley, of Richmond, occupies a place of prominence and receives many compliments. A large portrait of Booker T. Washington, another great negro, painted by Richard Thompson, of New York, is also a work of art. Both of these paintings were by negroes. A large display of painting on china by Frances Spencer Dorkins, of Norfolk, a negro, would attract attention anywhere and would do credit to any artist. Crowes of visitors always stop to admire this fine collection and many can-



NEGRO BUILDING AT JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION.

not realize that these beautiful pictures were made by a negro.

The first of these groups show the first negro slaves brought to America three centuries ago, when he was almost a savage. Other figures show the plantation home life of the negroes in slavery before the civil war with their social frolics and amusements. The negro is shown in these groups as he advances from the days of the savage fresh from the wilds of Africa to the polished men and women of education, who represented the higher class of the negro race today.

Many useful inventions by negroes were displayed in another part of the building, some of them being articles of great value to humanity, and a number of pretty wood figures of American warships, made by hand, shows the care and patience which a negro can take in artistic and mechanical work when inspired with ambition to achieve success.

A music booth in this building contains many musical compositions of special merit, the work of negroes. Among these are some of the most popular songs of the day, which the great masses of people who hear them do not know were the composition of negroes. In another booth are the negro newspapers, many of them prosperous and up-to-date publications, which speak well for the progress of the race. A book exhibit, showing the work of the negro in the field of letters occupies another interesting booth.

A large number of school exhibits are shown in both the upper and lower floors of the building. Prominent among these are the beautiful exhibits of the St. Francis de Sales' college at Rock Castle, Va., a Catholic negro institution, where the girls are instructed in housework, fancy needle work, painting and music, as well as in the ordinary textbook work. The Hampton Roads school has a splendid exhibit including photographs of the cooking and general housework school. The Virginia Normal Industrial school, of Petersburg, has a good exhibit of its work as also has the Norfolk Mission college and Howard university, of Washington, D. C.

An attractive agricultural exhibit has been installed by A. L. McBeth, of Charleston, S. C. The walls surrounding this exhibit are decorated with characteristic pictures of the negro and his life from 1860 to 1907. These pictures are made of grain and grasses, and are very skillfully executed, great care, patience and artistic ability being displayed in the work.

These are only a few of the many interesting things to be seen at the negro building. To the visitor at that building will come many surprises at the wonderful progress made by the negro race since the old slavery days. The better element of the race is progressive and industrious and the Jamestown exposition presents a demonstration of what is best in the negro race.

PRISONER OF RAISULI

Treatment Ion Perdicaris and His Servants Received From Brigand.

"When we had been mounted upon the animals hastily prepared at Raisuli's command, Abd-Es-Selam and Ben Aisa both alike volunteered to accompany us. I chose the former, as having been the better in my service. And a most faithful attendant he proved, especially when on the following day I was badly hurt, both saddle girths and stirrup straps broke when my spirited horse slipped down a rocky slope. I could not control my course, for although we had been unbound on giving our word not to attempt escape, yet as we were not allowed to draw the reins, our animals were at the mercy of the Moors who led them.

"I was, moreover, too faint and weary to 'grip on" with hands and knees, consequently I came off with the saddle. I feared that I had fractured my thigh, as I fell backward upon the solid rock, says Ion Perdicaris in Youth's Companion.

"After this serious mishap I was more than ever dependant upon my faithful attendant, since my stepson, my other companion in misfortune, had been imbedded in the fray with the brigands. We yet had a wild clamber of many miles up the steep ascent to the crest of Mount Nazul. Late in the evening of the second day the men halted to wait for supper to be brought from a distant village, and I instructed Abd-Es-Selam to lay me upon a bank of sweet-scented herbage, where I could rest my aching limbs.

"Our ruffianly escort evidently thought I had fallen asleep as they gathered about Abd-Es-Selam and roughly questioned him as to our means and resources. I heard the boy's voice quiver with fear as he tried to parry their demands, but although they threatened him with violence, they could extract nothing but that we were kind to the poor and that Allah would punish our assailants. Had not Raisuli been momentarily expected, these wild fellows would doubtless have passed from words to actual violence.

"When at last we reached the wretched village where we were at first confined, Abd-Es-Selam, after stretching a mantle for me upon the ground, betook himself to his devotions with such persistent fervor that my companion asked impatiently whether I could not induce my attendant to leave off, so that we might indulge in a little much needed sleep.

"'And to whom are we to appeal for help?' exclaimed Abd-Es-Selam. 'No but God can keep these ruffians' hands from out throats?'

"Before our exchange was effected, we had sufficient proof that our attendant's estimate of these followers of Raisuli in the absence of all respect for the lives of even the most innocent victims was justified.

"Eighteen months prior to our capture two children of some Spanish peasants, a girl of 15 and a boy of 11, had been carried off by one of the men of this same party, and, as we accidentally learned in the eve of our departure, had been detained in the room we now occupied. When the pressure exerted by the Spanish legation alarmed the captors of these helpless creatures he had deliberately killed them and buried their bodies near where our horses were now tethered.

"Raisuli himself had nothing to do with this ghastly incident, nor was he at the time of this tragedy near the place. Moreover, the impression I gathered, despite the alarming aggression of which we were ourselves the victims, is that Raisuli is far superior, both in character and intelligence, not merely to these wild mountain rovers, but even to the majority of his countrymen.

Latest Picture of the Roosevelt Family

A new photograph of President Roosevelt, Mrs. Roosevelt and their family, taken at Sagamore Hill, Oyster Bay, August 15.

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ALONE.

Said a maid, my fortune telling,
Long ago in days of old:
"Never heart shall ache for you,
Never heart shall break for you,
Though grief strike your soul with anguish
Or you lie beneath the mold."

Someone near me kissed me softly,
"Heed it not, dear heart!" she said,
"Fate or fortune, who can know it?
Or the future, who can show it?
Mind you not the idle talking
Of a foolish gypsy maid!"

And I said—my soul unfearing—
All my blessings unforgot,
"It were well I gave no sorrow,
From that thought my strength I'll borrow;
I should be content, my darling,
Other lives to darken not!"

But, ah me! the thought is dreary,
Musing by myself tonight;
"All alone!" the words keep measure;
Gone is all the old-time pleasure,
I can see but sweet, dead faces
Upward turning to the light.

What the wonder! What the wonder!
That my soul is numb and cold—
"Never heart shall ache for me,
Never heart shall break for me,
Though grief strike my soul with anguish
Or I lie beneath the mold!"

—Boston Transcript.

DRY WEATHER TONICS.

Plants Need Them at Times Like Human Beings.

During the summer we always have one or more dry spells when it seems as if vegetation would scorch. Then we do our best with hose and watercan, but it is laborious work at best.

A little tonic at this time will do the plants a world of good. Get a good complete plant food or plain nitrate of soda. A tablespoonful of these put into a gallon of water will act like magic on the poor wilted growth.

If the drought is prolonged, give this food once a week, with plain water in between.

If you have window boxes this feed should be given once a month all summer long. The boxes hold so little earth that the plants very soon use all the food there is and must then live on what they get from the air and water. Hanging baskets require the same care.

Manure water is as good as any of the fertilizers and may be made by suspending a bag of manure in a barrel of water. This, of course, has an unpleasant odor, whereas the fertilizers do not have any.

When watering your plants soak them, giving them much every two or three days rather than a little each day. By just wetting the surface you merely make the roots come up for the water, where the sun of the following day will burn them; if you give much water the roots will go down after it. A good soaking can be given with perfect safety in the hottest sunlight; but a sprinkling in sunlight will burn the foliage because the evaporation is so rapid.

If you cannot soak your plants, it may be well just to wash the leaves down at eventide, especially if they are covered with dust. A plant breathes through its leaves and does not thrive if they are dust-coated.

It is better to apply the foods directly to the roots of the plants, and for this purpose the rose spray can be unscrewed from the watering can.

A Spider Factory.

It is said that in the forests of New Guinea there are factories whose workmen are spiders. These hideous spiders, with bodies as big as saucers, make fish nets for the cannibal natives. The natives set up in the forest long poles with wooden rings at the upper end—net frames. The spiders, seeing these contrivances, run to them joyfully. "Here," they think, "is a fine net already started. The outermost circle is already made." And they weave their coarse, strong webs within the wooden rings, and when the nets are quite finished the natives come, drive away with curses the insect workmen, and, taking up their spider-made nets, set off gravely on a fishing excursion.

The Man With the Opals

By Austin Fryers

CHAPTER XVIII.

Anson awoke late, after a restless night, and made his way downstairs into the breakfast room, to find Estelle and Charters already half way through their meal. They did not notice his entrance, and he stood for a moment watching them unobserved.

He thought he had never seen Estelle look so lovely, as she sat there chatting easily with her father, delighted to be with him again, and dressed to perfection in one of those white fabrics which Englishwomen in Colombo affect.

She glanced in his direction at last, and returned his salutation with a happy smile.

"You must hurry up, my boy," said Charters, after he had exchanged greetings with Estelle. "The boat sails in an hour, and we musn't let Durand steal another march on us. For all we know he may have made up his mind to leave Colombo today. Fortunately I know all the officers on board and if we get there in time, I shall be able to discover his intentions."

"But, papa!" cried Estelle. "Surely you are not going to leave me again?"

"I am not going to leave Durand again," said Charters grimly. "If he sails, I go with him—or I have the opals! But I don't think there is really any likelihood of his attempting to get away in such an open manner as that. He would suspect that we should watch the boat. However, darling," he continued, looking affectionately at Estelle, "I won't leave you alone. I can manage Durand by myself, I fancy. Anson will look after you and bring you on, if I don't have time to communicate with you."

Estelle glanced at Anson with a blush, and smiling a little mischievously, said, "You are arranging Mr. Anson's plans very coolly, papa. Perhaps he would prefer not to be burdened with such a responsibility."

But his reply, murmured while the native waiter handed Charters a curry, made her blush still more deeply, and he found himself almost fogetting the seriousness of the position, and hoping that Durand would indeed board the ship, and sail with poor Charters, if it were to mean that he should be left in this enchanting spot alone with her.

However, it was not to be. As they had finished breakfast, and were seated still round the small table, discussing their plans, one of the servants came to them with the news that a boy was waiting outside the hotel with a note for Charters, and the latter departed to interview him.

Estelle turned to Anson quickly, as soon as he had disappeared. "Mr. Anson," she said, "cannot you persuade papa to give up this—this attempt to get these opals. I am sure harm will come of it. Papa is so eager, so reckless, and this man is dangerous, I feel certain. What do these jewels matter compared with the risk they entail? I do not like to say much to papa myself, for I know he is thinking only of me, and he laughs at my fears, but—but I forget; the opals are also yours," she continued.

"Sooner than that harm should come to your father, or that you suffer anxiety, I would willingly forfeit any claims I have to them," he replied eagerly, fascinated by the lovely eyes which gazed up at him half commanding, half pleading. "But they represent, if Wade spoke the truth, an enormous sum of money; and it certainly makes one's blood boil to think of their being stolen and so coolly, by this scoundrel."

"But remember the misfortune they have already brought to almost everyone connected with them," said she sadly. "Poor Mr. Wade, the sailor who died, even papa, who has been in great danger. We are happy now we are together again, papa and I. Is it worth risking so much?"

He was about to reply, when Charters entered the room hurriedly, with a scrap of paper in his hand. "Read that!" he said eagerly.

Anson took the paper and read as follows:

"Colombo.

"If you are wise, go home by the next boat. It sails today. I have the opals, and you will never get them from me. They are mine by possession. You cannot prove they are not mine by right; and the only means by which you can ever hope to obtain them—is force! Must I remind you that force can be met by force? You have a daughter. I am alone in the world. Your risk is greater than mine; and hers than either."

Anson clenched his fist as he read this document. At that moment he would have bartered his share of the opals for five minutes' conversation with Durand. That he should threaten Estelle was maddening. He turned to Charters, and his eye blazed in answering wrath. Danger or no danger, they were not to be frightened like children. They were two men against one! Meanwhile Estelle must be looked after. She must not go outside the hotel; there at least she was safe.

Estelle was unwilling that Anson should permit her father to go alone to the boat, having guessed by the expression on their faces that they had further news of Durand—so leaving her to the care of an amiable old lady, whose acquaintance Anson had made on board ship, and who was delighted at the prospect of chaperoning such a lovely young creature, they made their way outside.

They had hardly reached the street when Charters gave a bound. "What an infernal fool I am," he cried, striking his forehead. "I don't deserve such luck!" and he started off running.

Gazing wildly round in search of the cause of his excitement, Anson could discover nothing extraordinary, and followed him wondering.

Bye and bye Charters slackened speed and pulling out a cigaret, commenced fumbling for a match. "What a narrow escape," he said breathlessly.

"What have you seen?" asked Anson eagerly. "Durand? Where is he?"

"Durand? No!" replied Charters, again moving on, but this time slowly. "Not Durand, but his messenger," and he pointed towards a young Malay boy of nine or ten, who was trolling along in front of them. The younster was apparently in no hurry to return to his employer, and wandered on carelessly, now stopping to gaze with wide-open eyes at some English lady who passed, now conversing amiably with friends of his own age and kind; while occasionally, in lightness of heart, he would start off at a run, skipping and bounding along, and making the hearts of the watchers beat with the fear of losing him in the crowd.

"Keep him in sight, for goodness sake," said Charters, "while we've got him we've got Durand."

Anson was not convinced. It seemed to him, with the experience they already had of Durand's cleverness, that this was too good to be true; and his ideas were confirmed when the boy at last turned in at a small bazaar, and took his place behind a counter covered with piles of flimsy silk, Birmingham jewelry and spurious eastern wares generally, prepared for tourists with a mania for collecting.

They waited for a moment, hoping against hope, until the youth sold an "Indian" shawl to an enthusiastic young lady from the ship, and then they entered the shop.

"You brought a note to the Oriental Hotel just now?" said Charters, holding a shilling temptingly between his fingers.

"Iss," said the boy, eyeing the coin expectantly.

"Where did you get it from?" asked Charters sternly.

"Coolie—Malay man give it me when bazaar open," said the boy calmly, "tell me take Oriental Hotel."

"Don't you know the man?—where he lives?" said Charters, his jaw dropping.

"No," said the boy frankly. "Never seen him before."

It was pretty evident the boy spoke the truth, and giving him the coin they left the shop. As they emerged from the bazaar into the street, Anson paused, an idea striking him. Durand considered the note important, or he would not have sent it. Probably he had imagined that his threats would frighten them, or he may have thought there was a possibility of his communication "drawing" them, and so affording him an inkling of their plans. In that case he would wait to hear news of its reception, and to see what the reply would be, if one were vouchsafed.

Across the road was a hotel—the "Eastern Sun," and Anson drew Charters in its direction. "We must not lose sight of that bazaar," he said. "It is our only chance. That coolie may return."

Charters seized the idea, and they entered the hotel. The proprietor welcomed them gladly in their character of two passengers from the boat; and with little difficulty they succeeded in hiring a small sitting room overlooking the street, from whose shaded verandah, without any fear of being observed, they could obtain a good view of the opposite bazaar.

For some hours they sat contentedly and watched, sipping cool drinks through straws out of long glasses, and trying to take an interest in the many colored crowds which passed and repassed. But at length the morning began to draw on, and though they had a splendid opportunity of noting the trade the bazaar over the way did with their unsuspecting countrymen, noon found them still seated at the window without having caught a glimps of the mysterious Malay.

"This is terrible," groaned Charters after a time. "Do you know what I have just thought of? That Durand probably sailed by the boat this morning, and is now very likely chuckling to himself in a comfortable chair on deck."

Anson started to his feet in dismay, and snatched his watch from his pocket. It was half-past twelve. The boat should have sailed an hour before. "One of us ought to have gone down to the dock, while the other followed the boy," he said feebly. "But it is a little too late to think of that. I fear we are not much good after all at this kind of business. But—good heavens! look!" he cried, darting to the edge of the verandah, and drawing Charters after him.

They gazed down with eyes starting. For along the road, slowly, in the direction of the bazaar came a Malay. He was a villainous-looking fellow, with one eye, and a sneaking, treacherous way of walking, and he glanced about him cautiously as he approached the entrance to the shop. Indeed, so nervous did he appear of being seen, that he passed the place at least half-a-dozen times before he was able to make up his mind to enter.

At length, however, the appearance of the passersby seemed to satisfy him, and he dodged quickly inside.

After a moment's conversation with the boy, he emerged, and with a hasty glance of his one eye round him, made off up the road.

Charters and Anson hurried downstairs, and to their joy viewed him turning a corner not more than 30 yards in front.

The Malay kept straight on after leaving the main street. His fear of being observed seemed to have left him when once clear of the bazaar, and he did not trouble even to look round during the time they followed him.

On and on he went until, the town itself being left behind, they reached the outskirts of the suburbs, which in Colombo are occupied mainly by Dutch and Portuguese traders. Here he turned into a narrow and secluded street, shaded with palm trees; and knocking at the door of a bungalow which stood apart from the rest of the pretty but ill-kept cottages, he was admitted after a short conference, the door closing instantly behind him.

Anson was about to step forward, when Charters caught him by the arm. "Stop!" he cried, "do you know what that place is?"

"Durand's house, I expect," he returned, "or at least the place where he is staying."

"No! And I am sure of it," replied Charters. "The Malay has, I suspect, gone there with a message merely, and I have a strong suspicion I can tell to what it relates. That house is nominally the residence of old "Cat's eye" Sarmento—so nicknamed from some shady transaction with a celebrated jewel that made a considerable stir a few years ago. He came out of it badly, but is still supposed to be an enormously wealthy man. He is an old Portuguese Jew, and one of the largest dealers in uncut stones in India. He will purchase a diamond from you, especially should you happen to have stolen it, as cheaply as you please; or he will cut your throat to gain its possession with as little scruple as he would drown a kitten. Clever as Durand is, he has met his match in old 'Cat's eye,' if he intends dealing with him in our opals."

"Perhaps he has already done so," said Anson glumly. "Wouldn't it be better to try the house and make sure he is not there?"

"Wait," said Charters confidently. "I am sure Durand is not in that house; or if he is, that he has only been paying a visit to old Sarmento to lead up to matters. The very fact of his going at all to old 'Cat's eye' would show that there was something crooked in the business; and in that case the old scoundrel is far too clever to have him staying in his bungalow. Besides, though I dare say we can both take pretty good care of ourselves, I wouldn't give twopence for our chance of leaving that place alive if we went there and kicked up a row. 'Cat's eye' always has a few cutthroat Malays and Cingalese knocking about, and the place would be like a swarm of bees in a minute. We had better see what happens," he continued, drawing back behind some palms, out of view of the house. "I have been in this quarter of Colombo before."

However, although they could see both entrance and exit of the bungalow from where they stood, no sign came from within, and when they had waited expectantly for some time, Anson began to get impatient. "The fellow's not coming out at all," he said, "or he's gone without our seeing him."

Charters was about to reply when they heard the sound of a chain being unfastened inside the house, and the door opened softly.

They were completely hidden where they stood, and after a moment a dark figure glided out into the roadway and started back in the direction of the town.

It was the Malay again, and Charters' face lit up. "I was right," he whispered. "And now for Durand and the opals!"

As soon as the native was well on his way, they emerged from their hiding place and followed him cautiously. This time he made for the center of the town. He was walking slowly, and as they passed the Oriental hotel Charters left word for Estelle that they might be late, fearing that she would begin to be nervous at their prolonged absence.

Their way this time lay right through the town, and out again in the direction of the Cinnamon Gardens; but about a mile from the latter place, the Malay turned down a narrow lane, and for a moment they lost sight of him. When they rounded the corner the lane was empty. He had disappeared.

For a moment they stood nonplussed. The street was a short one, and apparently consisted of but three bungalows, standing in their own grounds. Two of these buildings were on their side of the way, and the third stood by itself opposite. They were all within about thirty yards of where they stood, and they had been about double that distance from the Malay when they lost sight of him. It was evident that he might have taken to any one of the three habitations. It was impossible to say which. As far as their outward appearance went, they might all have been deserted, for although it was already growing dark, they could discover no sign of light or movement about them.

Charters was the first to recover his wits. "It is no good knocking at the doors on chance," he said. "If Durand were at home he would not answer, and we couldn't very well break in on suspicion. We must make up our minds to wait. I suspect he will come out before long—when he thinks it is dark enough to be safe."

Anson agreed, although they had been on the move all day, and save for a sandwich or so at the "Eastern Sun," had had nothing to eat since breakfast at the Oriental.

Fortunately, the road was bordered with trees and flowering shrubs, and they were able to fling themselves down on the grass and rest while they kept guard.

Charters, occupied with his thoughts, kept silence; and as the lovely Ceylon night drew on, and the deep blue sky changed from blue to pink, and from pink again to deepest sapphire—the sapphire of the eastern night—Anson found further respite from his wandering thoughts of Estelle. Poor Estelle! she could not have found that old lady a very exhilarating companion, and, anxious as she would be about their safety, must have spent a sad day—anxious that is, about her father's safety, at least, for would she fear for him? The romantic power of the Ceylon night, the scents from the Cinnamon Gardens, which filled the air with their ennervating perfume, and the strange atmosphere which overhangs Ceylon and all things Eastern, threw a sentimental tinge over his thoughts, and he gave himself up to wild, sweet dreams from which he yet felt he might have a sad awakening. Yet she was kind to him, and even seemed glad of his companionship. Yes— He was wandering off into poetic reverie when he was aroused suddenly by a grip on his arm. Charters was sitting up, and looking eagerly at the house across the way. Two figures were in the doorway, and after a moment's conversation they turned down the now rapidly darkening street.

Even in the dimness, Anson fancied he could recognize Durand's tall figure, and one of the two was undoubtedly the Malay.

They rose cautiously and waited, peer-

World's Greatest Natural Bridge

THE AUGUSTA, COMPARED WITH A 200-FOOT SKYSCRAPER.

St. Louis explorers will be among the first to see the newly discovered natural bridges of Utah, the newest wonder of the world. An expedition organized among members of the St. Louis Naturalists' club will visit the bridges in September.

This will be, so far as known, the fourth expedition to these bridges. They were discovered in 1904 by Emory Knowles, a cowboy. In the following year Knowles took James Scorup to the scene, and Scorup in turn took Horace J. Long. All these people are residents of Utah. Last year a third trip was made to them for the National Geographic society. It was for the purpose of ascertaining if the remarkable reports were true. The society had been deluged with inquiries. Nothing since the Hayden reports of the Yellowstone country had occasioned such a stir among lovers of natural wonders and exploration.

The St. Louis explorers will take in the second expedition to reach the bridges from the Colorado side. The first to go in by this shorter route was that sent by the Geographic society. It was ascertained that the hazardous trip across the southeast corner of Utah was an unnecessary risk of life. The railroad points in southwest Colorado are nearer than those in Utah, and the route across is better. One of the reasons why so few persons have attempted to reach the bridge is that the men who made the first trips were not anxious to go back. The hardships were too great.

The St. Louis party will start from Mancos, Colo., estimated to be 115 miles east of the bridges. Forty miles west of Mancos is the Mormon town of Bluff. From this point the trip must be made in the saddle through a country not equaled in ruggedness, perhaps, anywhere else in the United States. It is a trip through a network of canyons. The trip is what the westerner calls "hitting the trail and hitting it hard."

The bridges are in San Juan county, an unmapped section of Utah. There are three of them, all occurring within a radius of 20 miles. The two largest are in White Canyon, a lateral of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado river on the south side. The third is in Armstrong creek, a lateral of White Canyon. This immediate region is the least known in the United States. Its ruggedness excludes even the prospector. The Indians in the country around do not know it.

The barest chance resulted in the discovery of the bridges. Knowles lost some cattle. He followed them into the canons, and became lost. The more he traveled the more completely was he lost. He blundered upon one of these big bridges. The same day he saw another of them. The third he did not discover until he went back to the scene with Scorup.

There is no other natural bridges in the world comparable with even the smallest of the trio in Utah. The Augusta, the largest, is 320 feet long, and the drop from the bottom of its span to the floor of the canyon is 255 feet. The new Third National bank at Broadway and Olive street, St. Louis, is 215 feet high .It could sit in the arch of the Augusta bridge and still lack fifty feet of touching the span. There is width on the span for a double-tracked railroad. It is 35 feet in the narrowest place. The bridge is strong as Gibraltar. It is 83 feet thick through the span. The Augusta was named for Long's wife.

The next largest bridge is the Caroline, which Scorup named for his mother. It is 350 feet long, 30 feet longer than the Augusta. The drop under the span is 182 feet, and the span is 60 feet wide and 60 feet thick.

The smallest bridge is the Edwin, named for Colonel Edwin F. Holmes, of Salt Lake City, whom Long took to the bridges on the second expediton. It is 205 feet long, 111 feet high, 30 feet wide and 10 feet thick. This is a bridge in Armstrong's creek.

The sandstone of which these bridges are composed is lively in colors, with a soft gray dominant. The few persons who have visited the scene report their beauty to be indescribable. Perfect spans, fashioned in the most rugged form, magnificent of length and laid across deep gorges at noble heights, they present a spectacle of tremendous grandeur. Set in a frame of nature in her boldest confusion, with blue mountains above and dark canyons below and the whole horizon one chaotic topsy-turviness, they are said to be beautiful and impressive beyond anything else in the world.

The St. Louis explorers will make the trip in September, because it is perhaps the best time to go. The desert will be cooling with the breath of autumn. The rivers will be low enough to make fording comparatively safe. The season will be favorable for light and swift traveling and sleeping upon the sand under the stars. The distance is not great, but the traveling is slow and hard at times, and a hard day's work will sometimes yield but little distance as the crow flies.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

ing out until the figures turned the corner. Then they followed cautiously.

"Now," murmured Charters, "comes the tug of war. If we lose Durand this time, we stand a very poor chance of ever seeing our opals; for unless I am very much mistaken, these two scoundrels are about to pay a visit in the dark to old Sarmento. Probably Durand has the opals with him, or I would stay behind and search this bungalow, taking the risk of his having left anyone to guard it. But he is a reckless devil, and it is probable he does not know Sarmento's character thoroughly. For the matter of that, few people do. Now it is a toss-up which is the best thing to do. What do you say?"

"Let us make sure of Durand," said Anson promptly. "After all, we know he has the opals, and while we have him we have some hold on them. On the other hand, we are not positive, though it certainly seems almost certain, that this place is where he lives."

Charters appeared to be correct in his surmises, for it was evident after a time that the two figures on ahead were making rapidly in the direction of the Portugese dealer's house.

They had evidently no suspicion that they were being followed, or the idea did not trouble them, for they did not look around, but went straight on, conversing in a low tone. Indeed, it was so dark that it is doubtful if they could have recognized their pursuers at the distance at which they kept, had they suspected that they were being followed.

By-and-by they reached the little bungalow where Anson and Charters had previously waited for the Malay. The latter, leaving his companion, stepped forward and gave a low whistle, followed at a short interval by a peculiar cry. As the echo died away, the door opened, and motioning to his companion, the native led the way inside. Charters and his companion were about to make their way up to the house in the hope that they might in some manner be able to obtain a glimpse of the proceedings within, when the door opened once more and the tall figure of the Malay appeared.

He closed the door again carefully after him, and leaning against one of the posts of the veranda, remained, to their dismay, gazing up at the sky.

For a moment or two they watched him breathlessly, but his figure might have been cut in bronze, so still did he remain, and at last Charters muttered an oath under his breath. "The fellow's on guard," he whispered. "What on earth are we going to do now?"

"Why not make a detour," suggested Anson, "and come around on the place at the rear? That chap seems to be a fixture there on the veranda."

"For the Lord's sake, don't make a noise then!" whispered Charters. "If you do our chance is gone."

Anson nodded in the darkness, and they crept silently away. The bungalows of which the street was composed were each surrounded by a garden. That next to the Portuguese dealer's appeared to be empty, but it was rather too near to the watchful sentry for them to cross the road and enter their way in that direction. They therefore walked softly along, searching for another house whose inhabitants should seem to be absent.

After about a hundred yards or so they came upon a narrow lane or passage, which ran along between two gardens, and taking it they emerged in a short time into an open space surrounded with trees, and overlooked by the back windows of the street they had just left. Moving cautiously along until they reached the wall of the empty house, they clambered over it, not without a certain amount of scraping which made them thankful they had tried the uninhabited dwelling, and dropped into the garden.

"I hope there are no dogs about," said Charters feelingly, "that would be rather awkward." But they heard no signs of growling or rattling of chains, and striking out boldly, they made for the hedge which separated the two gardens. This proved an easy obstacle to surmount, and they arrived at the other side without any mishap. So far so good.

The darkness and the fact of being obliged to move so carefully, were beginning to have an unpleasant effect on their nerves. Anson found himself wishing that he had some visible enemy to tackle, or else that he was well out of it, for every moment it seemed to him that he could feel the cold point of a Malay kriss sticking into his back. However, nothing occurred, and they were not destined to be long without something to distract their attention.

There was little to be seen at the rear of the bungalow. Everything was apparently tightly shut and bolted; but as they crept softly round to the side, they saw a gleam of light shoot out across some flowering shrubs which grew by the path, and to their relief they discovered that the window from which it came was open, and shaded merely with a bamboo blind, through the interstices of which they could see and hear with tolerable distinctness.

Charters was the first to approach and look in, and Anson saw him give a start and draw back swiftly. "He's there," he whispered eagerly. "And the opals, too—or at least some of them! Quick! Look in! But not a sound."

CHAPTER XIX.

Anson stepped forward to the window, and squatting down on the grass, they peered into the room. So near did they seem to the occupants that it appeared as if those inside must hear their excited breathing. But after a time when they had taken in the surroundings, they saw that the party inside were too engrossed with their own affairs to notice them.

The room was a large one—larger than one would have expected the bungalow to contain. It was dimly lighted by an enormous lamp, swung from the ceiling, and cast quaint lurid lights around the apartment. The walls were draped with Persian and Indian rugs, laden with strange glittering weapons, Benares brass work, and grinning idols.

In a queerly fashioned chair made of ebony, sideways to the window, sat Durand. Opposite to him reclined a littlered-faced man, with eyes like a fis. He was smiling benevolently on Durand, and but for evil appearance of his features, might have been the very incarnation of amiability.

In another chair, a hard, upright, wooden one, sat a figure which looked strangely at variance with its surroundings—an old man in the garb of a Buddhist priest. Even seated as he was it was plain he was of enormous height, though very thin, and while of apparently venerable age, he still held himself stiffly erect in his unyielding seat. His face, pale to deadness, as as unwrinkled as a child's save for his brow, which overhanging a pair of eyes of piercing brightness, was crossed and recrossed with the lines of care and severe thought. While his keen gaze followed every movement of his companions, his features retained a stony and marvelous impassivity, even during the strange scene which followed.

On the table, in the center of the room, and directly under the lamp, whose rays lent them additional lustre, were scattered some uncut opals of wonderful beauty; some green, some rainbow colored, with here and there a marvelous "fire stone," its dull red smouldering flame flickering up, with the slight swaying of the lamp, through the milky opal surrounding it. The two watchers gazed at the stones, fascinated by their loveliness, suddenly strained their ears, for the little red-faced man—whom Charters whispered was Sarmento—began to speak.

"That is our offer," he said smilingly, glancing at Durand. "What do you say?"

"No," replied Durand shortly.

"So you don't accept?" said the Portuguese, still smiling, but allowing a little shadow to creep over his face.

Durand was pale and haggard, and the nervous tapping of his fingers on the arm of his chair proved that he was ill at ease."

"No," he repeated, "it is not half their value. And you of all men this side of the line know it."

Sarmento smiled again, and spoke persuasively. "But, my dear sir, I do not know it. For myself I do not want your opals at all. I would not deal in them with you. There is a something—how shall we say?—a something I do not care about in the affair; and I should have said 'No, thank you' and 'good day,' if I were acting for myself. But this gentleman, my old friend, Salar Jung, he has a commission to buy opals, you see. His idols—the idols of his temple—Buddha, Krishna, Siva, I do not know their names! they are crying out for opals. They want them for their eyes, their noses, their toes, and what not; and my friend, Salar Jung, he cannot bear his idols, Krishna, Buddha, etc., to cry out for opals and not supply them. We make you a fair offer—really a very fair offer. You had better accept it."

"No," repeated Durand, "I will not."

"You had better accept it!" said the little Portuguese dealer, with a flash lighting up his fishy eyes, and a glance at the priest who allowed no sign to escape him.

In a second Durand drew a revolver from his pocket, and sat up in his chair. "No, Mr. Sarmento," he said quickly, "no threats! I know you by reputation, but it suits me to come to you in this business. But no foolery! I warn you. My man is outside, and this weapon is loaded."

How it was done neither Charters nor Anson could say, for neither of the two men moved, but with a quick rattle and clash, the seat of Durand's chair shot forward, the two arms swung round and clasped him about the upper part of the body, and, pale with rage, he sat facing them helplessly, while Sarmento stepped forward and struck the revolver from his imprisoned hands.

"Billy!" yelled Durand quickly. "Billy!"

The door was dashed open, and the Malay bounded into the room, his eye flashing and a knife in his hand. Before, however, he had taken two steps, the old priest stretched out his hand. "Stop," he said sternly, fixing his piercing eye on the man. "You cannot move"!

The native struggled vainly for a second, as if against some irresistible force, and then the light went out of his solitary eye and he rested motionless.

Durand, who had swiftly recovered his marvelous self-control, laughed harshly. "Poor Billy!" he said bitterly. "But that's a very old trick!"

Sarmento turned to him, his round red face contrasting strangely with the evil gleam in his fishy eyes. "Now, my friend," he said sternly, "not alone do you not get the money we offered you just now, but you also lose the remainder of your opals. Where are they?"

Durand laughed ironically. "I wonder," he said calmly.

"You will speak," said Sarmento quietly. "We have means to make you. I have men here who wouldn't be particular about cutting you to pieces, but I dare say we might find out something about the stones without going quite so far as that. What do you say, eh?"

Durand met his gaze fixedly. "Sarmento," he said between his clenched teeth, "I would see myself and you in hell, and your old friend and his idols rotting, before I would sell you these opals now—much less tell you where they are."

It was impossible not to admire the cool courage of the man as he sat there defying the wretches in whose power he was; and the two onlookers felt that this was so, in spite of their detestation of him.

The old priest's eyes turned towards him, and he fixed on him a gaze which Durand returned firmly. For a second or two there seemed to be a struggle between them. Then at last, Durand, with the sweat pouring from his brow, dashed his head back against the top of the chair, with a furious blasphemy. "Curse you! curse you! you can't do it," he cried, "you can't do it!"

The priest made a rapid movement, almost like a blow in the air, with his fist, and then—in what manner it was accomplished, whether by some hidden machinery in the chair, as seems most probable, or by some strange power of which we western races know nothing, they could not tell—but as he brought down his hand they heard something crack, like a stick breaking in two. Durand bounded convulsively in his chair, but the arms held him tight, and he sank back again raving.

"Curse you! You've broken my arm," he cried. "You've got some devilish power over my body, damn you! but I'm no child to cry for mercy. Do you think if you tore me to pieces you could destroy my will, you driveling old dotard! Do you know what I've done to get those opals? What they mean to me? The ambitions, the longing of a lifetime! The means by which these could be gratified cast to your hogs of idols, and fawned over by slobbering priests—"

Enraged by Durand's last words, the old priest started to his feet, and again his hand went out; but before he had time to bring it down, a shot rang through the air, and the great colored lamp crashed down on to the floor, leaving the room in darkness. I heard the little Portuguese scream with terror, and then Charters pushed by me. "Take the opals!" he hissed in Anson's ear, "I can stand this no longer! Scoundrel as Durand is, these chaps are worse!"

He sprang through the window, and made for Durand's chair. Then there was a sound of splintering wood, and Anson heard Charters mutter hurriedly, "Now run, and be thankful."

The two pushed through the casement, and making for the table where the opals were they scrambled wildly round in the dark for them, cutting their hands in the darkness with the broken glass from the lamp, but getting most of the stones. Charters fumbled for the door and opened it; Anson followed him, and cannoning on his way into a rotund body which he took to be the Portuguese dealer's, he gave it one glorious punch, and darted out.

In a second they were flying wildly up the street.

"If Durand doesn't get away now it's not my fault," puffed Charters, as they ran steadily along. "For two amiable people, commend me to his two friends. I don't know which I prefer."

They pulled up after they had gone a quarter of a mile or so, and listened for any sound which might tell them they were pursued. Silence reigned, however, and it seemed probable that the inhabitants of the bungalow had been too much taken by surprise at their sudden entry to think of following. Indeed, Anson felt sure that he had at all events put such an undertaking entirely out of the power of Sarmento.

"Did you secure many opals?" asked Charters anxiously.

"Nearly all there were on the table, I think," replied Anson, producing a handful from his pocket. The two stood for a moment under a lamp inspecting them.

"Why, there must be a small fortune there alone!" said Charters, examining one perfect stone. "If these were only specimens that Durand brought for the dealer to see, what must the bulk be worth! Anson, my boy, we are neither of us rich men; our legacy was worth risking something for."

"You are right," replied Anson, "and it shall not be our fault if we don't succeed. But there is no doubt, I should imagine, that Durand has got the rest of the opals hidden somewhere at his house. We must hasten back there again, or Durand may arrive before us, if he has escaped."

"Well, I smashed up that devilish chair and lifted him out. I had not time or time or inclination to do more," returned Charters. "I don't suppose he would miss the chance of making off in the confusion. So, as you say, we had better hurry off to the bungalow whence we saw him come."

They started off afresh, and after a short time reached the little house. The place was to all appearances deserted and locked up, but using their united strength they soon burst the door open, and entered.

Fortunately, there was no one about to observe them, and they found themselves in a dark passage, from which a room led off on either side.

In one of these they discovered a small hand lamp which enabled them to conduct their search with facility.

The house was apparently merely hired for the time by Durand, for the appointments bore the unmistakable signs which those of a "furnished bungalow" present. The two rooms on the ground floor were soon examined, and discovering nothing of interest there they made their way upstairs. And here they met with an obstacle which seemed likely to prove insurmountable.

In the first apartment they entered they could find nothing which could lead them to believe that the opals were there. It was merely a bedroom, furnished in the unpretentious style usual to such places in Ceylon, and the next room was the same. But at the third their attention was quickly arrested by a small Chubb's safe which stood in a corner by the bed, whose solid weight speedily assured them of the futility of any attempt to force it.

They were bending over it, convinced that the opals were inside, and wondering what on earth to do, when they heard a footstep on the stairs.

They started to their feet, and faced the door. A second later, Durand, pale and self-contained as usual, entered the room. He had his arm bound up in a sling, and carried at his side; and save for this fact, and a slightly drawn look round his mouth, gave no other sign of the torture he must have undergone while helpless in Sarmento's and the old priest's hands.

They stood for a moment too taken aback and confused to move; Durand was the first to speak. "May I ask what you are doing in my house and in my bedroom at this time of night?" he said softly.

Both hesitated, for indeed they did seem in an awkward position; but Charters after a moment, moved forward and faced Durand.

"We have come for our opals," he said sternly, "the opals which poor Wade bequeathed us, which you have stolen, and which you were attempting to sell to 'Cat's eye' Sarmento tonight."

"Ah," said Durand, startling slightly, and his face flushing a little. "So it was you who fired that shot?"

"It was," returned Charters shortly, "but don't think I helped you to escape for any love I have for you, I beg. I only thought that out of three scoundrels perhaps those two were the worst. Besides, torture is against the theories of Englishmen in any case, even if thoroughly deserved."

Durand laughed. "Ah," he said coolly. "Thanks. I am much obliged to you for your frankness. You don't mind my considering that your speech has settled the debt, do you?"

"That debt, yes," returned Charters grimly. "But there are others which are not settled yet. Getting me into your rooms and drugging me, for instance. Removing those tattoo marks, and making use of that plan for your own ends, for another instance. . . . But let that pass. Where are our opals?"

"A plain question deserves a plain answer," replied Durand. "In that safe."

"And the key?" continued Charters.

"The key is in my pocket," said Durand, "and there it will remain until I choose to remove it."

Charters made a sudden move forward, and then hesitated. "I am armed," he said, after a moment. "And so is here. We are two to one, and we are determined men. You are crippled. What do you expect to do against us?"

Durand glanced from one to the other, and appeared to hesitate. "It certainly seems as if I were a rather a tight place," he said after a second. "But if I were to call out of this window, it is probable help would come, and you would find it difficult to explain your presence in my house uninvited, and extremely hard to prove your right to the opals. However—" He paused, and moving to the window, appeared to listen for a moment. Then he faced us again, as if he had heard something which decided him.

"However," he continued, "for reasons of my own, I have decided to accede to your request. I will give up the opals."

They stared at him, unable almost to believe the evidence of their ears.

"I will give you up the opals," he repeated. "But remember, it is only under compulsion. I am crippled, as you say. I left my revolver in that cursed Portuguese's house, and my servant—through some cursed juggliery—is not here." Drawing a key from his waistcoat pocket, Durand proceeded to the safe, and bending down, opened it. The two, leaning over him, watched excitedly.

As the door swung open they gave an involuntary murmur of delight and wonder. For the floor of the safe and the two small shelves were filled with glittering, shining, rainbow-hued fragments, which even their limited knowledge told them must represent an enormous fortune.

Durand scrambled them out carelessly, without even a sigh, and taking a bag from a shelf near the safe, he bundled the stones in, and handed it to Charters. "There you are," he said. "But one word of advice, and you will have cause to remember it before long, I warn you. Take care of them!"

Charters clutched the bag, and put it quickly behind him, as if he expected Durand to repent. Then, his good heart, struggling with his dislike, he held it out again. "You have had some—some bad luck over this affair," he said. "If you care to pick out a few——"

For a second Durand hesitated, and turning his back, remained silent. Then he faced round again, the usual cold sneer on his handsome face. "Thank you, no!" he said slowly. "My motto in this case is all or none."

Charters looked at him doubtfully, and then turned away. "Very well," he said. "Good night."

Durand did not reply. He was standing at the window looking down into the street. Anson followed Charters out into the open air, hardly feeling the ground beneath his feet. It seemed too good to be true; but the opals were really theirs at last.

It was dark outside the bungalow, and when they made their way down the garden path Charters stumbled suddenly. As he recovered himself, his revolver slipped from his pocket and fell with a clash on the stones, Anson stooped quickly, and picking it up, returned it to him.

"Thanks," he said, and put it back in his pocket. As they turned out into the road, Anson thought that he saw something move in the bushes behind them, and looking back closely he fancied he could distinguish a dusky figure vanishing softly into the shadow. He stopped Charters and they investigated, but saw nothing more, and putting the affair down to imagination, they dismissed it from their minds and walked on.

They often thought afterwards, however, in the light of subsequent events, that that slip of Charters and the gleam of the revolver barrel in all probability saved their lives that night.

They reached the hotel without any further incident, and ordering a private room, told the waiter to inform Miss Charters of their arrival.

Estelle quickly joined them, delighted at their safe return, though she started back at first in alarm at their appearance, worn and haggard as they were with their day's adventures and the excitement they had gone through. Then her glance flew to Anson's hands, which he for the first time noticed were covered with blood from the cuts the broken glass had inflicted when he scrambled for Durand's specimens in the dark.

"Nothing has happened?" she cried, turning white. "You are not hurt?"

"Not at all," he said hastily. "It is only a small cut." He almost wished he was indeed seriously wounded when he saw the sweet compassionate look on her face.

"Yes, but there has been an accident," broke in Charters, "an accident which has given us each a fortune. Come, Estelle! Shut the door and draw the blinds, and see what a present we have brought for a good little girl."

Anson hastened to relieve her of the task, and when all was secure Charters produced the bag, and pouring the opals out onto the table, bade Estelle admire them.

Most daughters of Eve would have been enraptured at the show those wonderful jewels made as they lay under the brilliant gaslight, and Estelle was no exception to her sex. The two men enjoyed her amazement and delight, participating in it themselves, and by the time they all had admired and valued every one of the stones, and Estelle had decided how they were each to be mounted—for she declared she could not bear to part with any one of them—it was almost morning, and, excited as they were, Charters and Anson were falling asleep in their chairs.

Estelle declared for a time that she was too fascinated with the thought of the jewels to go to bed, but Charters at last insisted, and shutting them up again in the bag, carried both them and Estelle off, after a hearty shake of the hand with Anson in congratulation of their success.

(To Be Continued.)

HUNTING HIDDEN TREASURE

In a Guadaloupe prison there is a convict with a highly developed sense of humor and some imagination. The Libre Parole of that island tells the story. A mischievously disposed convict in the Point-a-Pitre prison, knowing that the governor saw all the prisoners' correspondence, wrote a letter addressed to his mother earnestly exhorting her never to reveal the spot where he had buried treasure of enormous value. His ruse succeeded. The governor told M. Legitimus, who is a great friend of his, of the buried treasure and from that time forward the convict in question began to have what he has since described as "the time of his life."

He was relieved from all labor, he was invited to lunch with the governor and bottles of champagne were broached for his delectation. Then came the day when the governor and the deputy gently hinted to the convict that they knew all about his treasure—all, that is to say, except just where it was buried. They suggested, as among friends, that he might relieve their curiosity on that point.

The convict at first was coy, but after some days offered to go with them and show them the tree beneath which the treasure lay. When darkness fell the trio set out, accompanied by several friends of M. Legitimus. The last-named held a lantern and his friends perspired for some hours as they dug at a spot indicated by the convict without discovering anything.

At length the search was angrily abandoned and the convict marched back to prison, where he threw his fellow prisoners into convulsions of delight by his narration of the affair. Then the story got into the newspapers and the greedy officials are now being tried on charge of corruption.

Plague of Wolves in Canada.

James K. Cornwall returned on Saturday night from a month's trip to the northern country beyond Athabasca Landing, writes an Edmonton correspondent of the Toronto Globe. Mr. Cornwall states that the wolves are creating devastation and inestimable loss among the settlers of the upper Peace River district.

At Dunvegan and Fort St. John more than $25,000 worth of horses have been killed by wolves. The reason for the ravenous rampage of the wolves is the scarcity of lynx and rabbits, which have died off or have migrated in large numbers.

So numerous have the wolves become and so desperate in their invasions that for the first time in the history of the north the Dogrib Indians have been unable to pay their debts at Fort Vermilion because the wolves have regularly cleared up their traps and bait and have even devoured their dogs.

Clement Paul, the celebrated hunter and trader of Hay River, killed 28 wolves this winter within a radius of five miles of his cattle corral.

Paddy and Taxes.

A voice from the jungle of Burma is heard in the following letter from a missionary correspondent to the Christian Herald:

"The Lord has sent me $10 from a friend in New York, which will buy thatch for the three native houses and an addition to this one I live in and pay for its transport here besides. Another gift also came and with it I have paid this new man's wages for one week, bought a small supply of dried fish, paid for a fresh supply of stamps and left a little for daily needs.

"Our store of rice is fast melting away and daily the prayer is offered at morning and evening worship, before the children and visitors that the Lord will send money for more rice, for paddy and for the taxesc, which are now due."

Will Keep Historic Cabin

The people of Colorado feel that "Jim" Baker's old cabin, on the Little Snake river, should come under the law that gives the government supervision and control of historic places of interest.

The cliff dwellings of Colorado have been set apart as a national park. Beecher island Indian battlefield is also a national park, and there is a monument where Major Thornburg and his troopers were killed in Northwestern Colorado when they were marching to the rescue of the Ute agent, Meeker. As interesting as any of these places is Jim Baker's cabin, built in the early forties by this intepid trapper, scout and pathfinder, who ranks with Jim Bridger and Kit Carson among the great characters of the early west. Here Baker penetrated long before any other white man thought of settling in such a wild country, and here he lived with the friendly Indians and fought the unfriendly tribes, every day being spiced with some thrilling adventure.

Baker's unique cabin, which is built with a "lookout" on top, where the trapper used to watch for unfriendly Indians, is located in a romantic spot. It is in the valley of the Little Snake river, which winds along the Colorado-Wyoming state line. It is in the foothills of the Sierra Madre mountains, and near it is the celebrated Battle mountain, where Baker and some trappers and squaws successfully stood off a large attacking party of Indians. Few visit the spot today, because of its inaccessibility, but this will soon be changed. A few miles below Bridger's cabin the Routt County Development company, of Denver, is opening 50,000 acres of state land to settlement. A sixty-mile irrigation ditch is being built, and next year, when the water is turned on the land embraced in this vast project, "Jim" Baker's once lonely valley will be thicky popuated, and there is no doubt that a spur of the Union Pacific railroad will reach it from the north, while the new Moffat road, from Denver to Salt Lake, will pass within a few miles at the south.

Old "Jim" Baker himself would never have dreamed of the rush for this valley which the building of the Little Snake river ditch presages. He moved into the Little Snake country early in the forties, it is said, because someone had moved into the same county with him in the eastern part of Colorado a year or two before, and he considered the country was getting "to derned crowded." Even when he died, in 1898, there was little indication of the present great demand for cheap, irrigated land, and the scout would have scoffed at anybody who prophesied the coming of a great irrigation enterprise to the Little Snake river valley.

"Jim" Baker's experience in the wild west, particularly in Wyoming, is only paralleled by "Jim" Bridger. Baker was born in 1818 at Belleville, Ill. In 1838 he joined a company of recruits at St. Louis, in the sevice of the American Fur company, and made the long journey up the Missouri and across the plains into Wyoming. It is a notable fact that this first expedition was in charge of "Jim" Bridger, and it was only through the tact and resources of this notable plainsman that the entire party was not lost. Many times the party was stopped by savages and the warriors held a council to determine whether to kill the white men or let them go on. But always, according to Baker, "Jim" Bridger's quickness of wit and his extraordinary knowledge of the Indian character saved the scalps of the entire outfit. In all the years of his frontier experience Baker declared he was never nearer death than on his first trip, which ended at the mouth of Popo Agie, on Wind river.

Baker engaged as a trapper, forged rapidly to the front in his hazardous vocation, and soon he was ranked with "Jim" Bridger and "Kit" Carson. He wandered all over the Rocky mountain country, sometimes in company with parties of trappers and sometimes alone. The wilderness held no terrors for him, and he was able to match his cunning against that of the Indians. He played a great part in bringing civilization to the west.

Baker's cabin was the scene of many an exciting skirmish, and the foresight of the old trapper in building the queer "lookout" on his house was more than once rewarded when he headed off Indians who sought to surprise him. In 1855 Baker entered the service of the government as a scout, and for several years he was looked upon as one of the greatest scouts and guides in the service of the army. The Pike's Peak excitement drew him to Denver, and in 1859 he built a home on Clear creek, not far from the present capital of Colorado. Here he remained until 1873, when he went to his first love—the Little Snake river valley.

Baker, like other old trappers of his day had several Indian wives. Many of his children now live in Colorado and Wyoming, and they are justly proud of their intrepid ancestor.—Denver correspondence, Chicago Inter-Ocean.

BAD DREAMS

Frequently Due to Coffee Drinking.

One of the common symptoms of coffee poisoning is the bad dreams that spoil what should be restful sleep. A man who found the reason says:

"Formerly I was a slave to coffee. I was like a morphine fiend, could not sleep at night, would roll and toss in my bed and when I did get to sleep was disturbed by dreams and hobgoblins, would wake up with headaches and feel bad all day, so nervous I could not attend to business. My writing looked like bird tracks, I had sour belchings from the stomach, indigestion, heartburn and palpitation of the heart, constipation, irregularity of the kidneys, etc.

"Indeed, I began to feel I had all the troubles that human flesh could suffer, but when a friend advised me to leave off coffee I felt as if he had insulted me. I could not bear the idea, it had such a hold on me, and I refused to believe it the cause.

"But it turned out that no advice was ever given at a more needed time, for I finally consented to try Postum and with the going of coffee and the coming of Postum all my troubles have gone and health has returned. I eat and sleep well now, nerves steadied down and I write a fair hand (as you can see), can attend to business again and rejoice that I am free from the monster coffee."

Ten days' trial of Postum in place of coffee will bring sound, restful, refreshing sleep. "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. Some physicians call it "a little health classic."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Minority Report—The International Sunday School Lesson for September 1 Is, "The Two Reports of the Spies." Num. 13:17-20, 23-33.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

A New York newspaper yesterday printed two stories of drownings, wherein the cowardly crowd stood by and watched the helpless ones perish. This is an ugly phase of drownings which is usually kept from public view; we prefer to print the reports of heroic rescues. In its inexorable presentation of human nature the daily paper must occasionally show up the truth that there are a multitude of craven, selfish, fear-smitten hearts in the world. The heroes are probably in the minority today, although not, let us hope, in the ratio of two to twelve—even as they were when Israel's spies returned from Canaan to make report to Moses and the pilgrim host which he led.

A critical point in the new nation's history had been reached. After a bewildering variety of wilderness experiences it had at last reached a point called Kadesh-barnea, at the edge of the Land of Promise. The goal was in sight. The Canaan long before promised to the patriarchs, and the dream and desire of their Egypt-burdened descendants, was before their feet. Now was their hour of opportunity to go in and possess the land.

The Preacher and the Facts.

Like a cautious leader, however, Moses wanted first to be in possession of all possible information concerning what lay ahead of him. This was a modern enough procedure to satisfy all those modern scholars who think they have outgrown Moses. This is the day of investigation; heaven and earth, the waters under the earth, the innermost workings of the lowest creatures that crawl upon the earth, and even the corporations which rule above the earth, are being probed in the interest of modern science. The fact is king today—which is well. Accurate data should be the basis of every advance, a lesson which religion should learn from Moses, from the scientists, and from the Teacher who said, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

But the facts should be facts. I heard a pulpit demagogue move ten thousand persons to tears and laughter and hand-clapping last Sunday, with what he called a presentation of the progress of the kingdom of heaven. Afterward the people thronged him, congratulating him on his wonderful sermon, and his phenomenal array of facts. Concerning the latter one hearer had been quoting to himself, "It is better not to know so many things, than to know so many things that are not so." The man's missionary facts had been, to my personal knowledge, mostly gross and ludicrous misstatements. He had, wittingly or unwittingly, misrepresented conditions abroad and at home so seriously as to mislead utterly any person who had not other and more trustworthy sources of information.

That sort of thing has been entirely too common in the pulpit and in the religious press. All sorts of pleasant fiction has been passed around as facts, for the sake of the cause. Illustrations that illustrate nothing but religious gullibility are common, as every reader of the church papers knows. Isolated instances of missionary success are magnified until they convey a meaning that is equivalent to falsehood. A few weeks ago a veteran Peking missionary wrote to the missionary magazine of his own denomination protesting against the misstatement in its columns that China had ordered the observance of Sunday. So loath was the editor to surrender so palatable a morsel of news that he suggested that perhaps the missionary at Peking did not know so much about conditions there as did the man in Boston! In the same class is the famous temperance anecdote which makes ex-President Harrison say that the members of his college class who had been moderate drinkers had died drunkards—a cruel slander on honorable and successful men which President Harrison never uttered. This point might be enlarged upon to the extent of a column, but it is enough to say that there is grave reason why all representatives of religion should look well to their facts, after the manner and admonition of Moses.

Entering New Countries.

One characteristic which marks the western portion of North America from the eastern is the pioneering spirit of the former. It is much on the move. Change does not affright it. Upon occasion it is willing to pull up stakes and start for a better country. The oldest section of the United States has been seriously afflicted with a contrary spirit. Now the pioneering people, as the pioneering individual, is great. Those old Pilgrims and Puritans have plenty of faults, but we forget these in contemplation of their imperial work. Cecil Rhodes was not exactly the sort of man to hold up as a model to a Sunday school, but nobody can withhold admiration for that splendidly courageous and audacious spirit which conceived in world terms. Shortcomings those old Jews had in plenty, but they were moving on to possess a new land; and that is what makes history.

If a study of this lesson shall inspire some young spirits with a new vision of daring and conquest on behalf of the kingdom of heaven, Joshua and Caleb will have repeated their success of milleniums ago. For the Christianity of today sorely needs to move out and capture new countries. Even geographically that statement is true. The sphere of missions is sinfully restricted by the unheroic and unimaginative spirit of the church at home. The battle-cry of the laymen's missionary movement, concerning the evangelization of the world in this generation, "We can do it and we will," needs to re-echo through all the churches.

Similarly, in the day's social life, there is manifestly an opportunity for religion to dominate new and important spheres. The powerful labor movement should be captured by religion. The rapidly growing movement toward Socialism awaits the control and direction of Christianity. The daily newspaper press, the most potential agency of the times, offers a sphere of influence to which religion has been singularly blind. A more broad-minded policy of religious administration would endeavor to exercise its influence over the school teachers of the continent, and, in another direction, over the men who are the scouts of civilization—travelers, sailors, soldiers and business representatives. While the church is tenderly cherishing some archaic institutions whose present usefulness consists chiefly in furnishing a livelihood to pious incompetents, she is ignoring great and vital opportunities. Unquestionably the church is not as contemporaneous in her organization and institutions as in her teachings. And a deal of this "conservatism" is called by another name when exhibited by such as the ten spies who reported to Moses.

The Great Opportunity.

The day of opportunity is usually likewise the day of destiny. Kadesh-barnea was the opportunity of Israel; because it failed to measure up to that opportunity it had to undergo a destiny of forty hard years in the wilderness—years filled with funerals, until every man who had reached maturity ere Kadesh-barnea was attained had been buried beneath the hospitable soil of the wilderness. Such was the cost of being afraid.

But that is to anticipate. In order to ascertain the resources and obstacles of the new land, Moses sent out twelve spies, one for each tribe. Their reports agreed as to the fertility of Canaan; so also as to the obstacles. Only in their conclusions they differed radically. The ten were so impressed by the grasshoppers and giants and walled cities that they reported adversely. They are the kind who magnify obstacles, always able to give ten reasons for standing still. No doubt they were honest; their caution and conservatism, however, were really cowardice. It was the fear within their own breasts that constituted the greatest barrier to the possession of the promised land.

Dread always is defeated. Cowardice conquers nothing. A heart of fear is life's worst evil. There are giants on every hand for the person who is afraid. The temperamentally timid are never truthworthy. Those ten spies were a majority; but it was a majority of cowards. The great advances made by society are usually when some man hopelessly in the minority, like Columbus, is scornfully given his way. Truth is generally in the minority until it becomes safe and commonplace. The man to follow is the daring, high-hearted man who in loneliness is brave enough to follow God.

"Gentlemen Unafraid."

Two of twelve were "gentlemen unafraid," Caleb and Joshua. They were "true and manly" in the popular estimation. They did not belong to that order of politicians who "go along" with the party. In fact, they had clear heads and stout hearts, and so dared to be different—as, indeed, the clear-headed, stout-hearted man usually is different from the majority of the people.

These two spies possessed the same body of facts as the others. They were fully informed as to the number and size of the giants and the walled cities—though they had multiplied neither by their own fears. The scared man sees double. Caleb and Joshua saw more than the facts. They had a right judgment of them. They had confidence in themselves. They had confidence in the company of Israelites whom they represented. They had confidence in their supernatural leader. Therefore they argued for an immediate entrance into and possession of the land. They were not afraid of a fight. To them a land won without effort was not a prize to be coveted. As to the enemy, they would be "bread for us"; their God would "eat them up." They could master the giants and become masters of the land and also of themselves.

That was not one of Israel's brave days, however. The minority report was rejected with stones. The craven majority led the crowd with certain results—and Israel forever had cause to rue the day when she hearkened to the voice of fear, rather than the voice of courage and faith.

Sculptor's African Fad.

Herbert Ward, the English sculptor, who has his studio in Paris, devotes himself chiefly to modeling negro men and women. He has made statues from African natives of every race from Dahomey to the Sudan and from the Congo to Zululand.

Besides, he has formed a collection of art works produced by negroes. Some he has acquired himself in his travels in Africa; many have been given to him by explorers, notably Stanley, whom he once accompanied part of the way on one of his African expeditions.

A feature of the collection is the iron work, chiefly weapons. There are lance heads, arrows, battleaxes and stars with sharp points in all directions to be hurled at enemies. The forms of all the weapons are artistic. They are beautifully modeled on sharp pointed leaves and grasses, the beaks of birds and claws of animals.

So closely are the outlines followed that the sculptor says a person acquainted with the flora and fauna of the country can name the pattern on which each blade was outlined. The daggers are usually shaped like the lotus leaf.

Another curious object is the African drum found with many tribes. It is hollowed out of a log, the two ends being preserved, and its peculiarity is that it gives out different tones according to the place where it is struck. There are also iron castanets, which are capable of producing a deafening rattle.

Then there are the ornaments of adornment—male and female—nose and earrings of copper, iron and even precious metals; bracelets, necklaces and anklets of human teeth strung like beads. War trumpets are made from elephants' tusks more or less fancifully carved.—New York Sun.

Where Animals Beat Men.

"Nature faking aside," said John Lover, the zoo keeper, "mice won't eat oleo. It is a fact. Lay a pat of oleo and a pat of butter side by side, and in the morning the butter will be gone, but the oleo will remain untouched.

"Oh, yes, some animals are incredibly nice about their food. The otter, when living wild, will only eat one piece, one mouthful, out of each fish he catches. He will land a beautiful trout, but only one bite of it, from the back, just behind the neck, is good enough for him. The rest he tosses aside. This epicure often kills a dozen fine, big trout to make one meal.

"Chimpanzees have very delicate tastes. A banana or pineapple that to you seems delicious, to a chimpanzee may be revolting. His taste is keener. Grapes grown in hothouses where sulphur fumes are used as an insecticide taste all right to a man, but a chimpanzee will have none of them.

"The ichneumon loves eggs. He can tell a fresh from a stale one by simply tapping the shell."

Knew When to Stop.

A 7-year-old had a great appetite for buckwheat cakes and could stow away an amazing number of them for breakfast.

One morning his grandfather, who was watching the performance, asked:

"Have you ever in your life had all the buckwheat cakes that you could eat?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy. "Lots of times I've felt that I'd had enough."

"How do you tell when you have had enough?"

"I just keep on eating until I get a pain, and then I eat one more to make sure."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Farmstead

Questions for Answer.

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting the results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Will some Farmstead reader kindly tell me how to can pumpkin so that it will keep?—N., Grand Junction, Col.

I have a two-year-old calf that has warts on his mouth and head; they are about the size of peas, and may be a hundred of them. Will somebody tell me what to do for him?—L., Candor, N. C.

Have a cow that gives thick milk from two of her teats. The trouble has lasted about two weeks. Somebody please tell me what to do.—G., Rochton, Wis.

Potato Blight and Rot Fungus.

The Ohio Experiment station gives the following warning advice to potato growers:

The late blight and rot fungus was collected in two fields near Wooster, August 8,1907, by the botanist of the Ohio Experiment station; this has already made unusual progress owing to recent cool, moist weather, and certainly began its work some days earlier. The same fungus was seen August 25, 1905, and August 9, 1904. Should the season continue, as heretofore, with cool weather or be very moist, it is feared the injury to the late crop may prove as great as in 1905.

The late blight and rot of potatoes may be prevented by spraying frequently with Bordeaux mixture, made of 4 pounds blue vitriol and 4 to 5 pounds of lime to 50 gallons of water, beginning spraying immediately, and repeating the spray at 8 to 10-day intervals till crop is mature. The more frequent spraying is necessary later in the season. The increase in 1906 from spraying as above, was 40 to 45 bushels marketable potatoes per acre upon the late crop. Four to six sprayings may yet be required upon very late plantings. Delay in treatment is unwise.

Instructions for making and applying the spray are contained in the Spray Calendar, (Bulletin 147) which will be sent free upon application. For earlier treatments, when plants are smaller, about 50 gallons of mixture will be

QUESTION BUREAU ?

RULES—1.—Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions on religious topics.—no questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

The First Pope.

Editor Question Bureau: Please tell us who was the first pope. What gave rise to this office, and in what year?—J. S. A., Hiltons, Va.

The title of pope was applied by the eastern Christians to all priests, and in the west originally given to all bishops. The title was first adopted by Hyginus, 139; Pope Boniface III. induced Phocas, emperor of the east, to confine it to the prelates of Rome, 606. Much obscurity rests on the chronology of the popes of the first three centuries, more particularly of the first century. By some authors Linus is supposed to have been the vice regent of Peter, as well as his successor. Catholics regard the pope as the legitimate successor of St. Peter as the visible head of the church, the invisible head being Christ.

Telegraphers.

Editor Question Bureau: Please tell us what salaries telegraph operators receive.—L. M. B., Iris, W. Va.

Our inquirer also asks for some advice which we cannot give. Telegraphers, as a rule, do not receive large salaries. Commercial operators, employes of the telegraph companies, receive from $60 to $75 per month. Associated Press operators receive from $27 to $30 per week, the difference between day and night work. They are demanding $30 and $35. Railroad telegraphers get various wages, possibly as low as $45 per month. There is said to be quite a demand for railroad telegraphers.

Signs of the Zodiac.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please give the origin of the twelve signs of the zodiac? Please tell me all you can, as I never was much of a believer in signs.—G. H. M., Sanoma, W. Va.

The origin of the names of the animals assigned to the zodiac is unknown. Some have supposed that the spring signs: Aries, the Ram; Taurus, the Bull, and Gemini, the Twins, mark the time of the bringing forth of young by flocks and herds. Cancer, the Crab, marks the time when the sun appears to move backward. Leo, the Lion, symbolizes the fierce heat of summer, and Virgo, the Virgin, gleaning corn, symbolizes the harvest. In Libra, the Balance, the day and night balance each other. Scorpius is supposed to have marked the presence of venemous reptiles in October, while Sagitarius symbolizes the season of hunting. Capricornus marks the beginning of the return of the sun to the north; Aquarius symbolizes the winter rains, and Pisces the season of fishes.

These representations are merely fanciful, and are without foundation in fact. We must congratulate our inquirer upon his disbelief in signs. The less his belief in such things the happier he should be. During the Middle Ages the twelve signs of the zodiac, as they are represented in old and familiar almanacs, were supposed to have some sort of influence on human life, and hence were distributed to different parts of the human body. Disease was supposed to be cured by the aid of zodiacal power presiding over that part of the body. A remnant of these superstitions still remains, but twentieth century intelligence and enlightenment should have no use for signs and omens.

Milk for Cheese-Making.

Editor Question Bureau: Please tell me what process milk is put through to make cheese.—G. R., Pittsburg, Pa.

For cheese, milk rich in fat is preferred. The milk is artificially soured, coagulation is thus produced and the whey or watery part is separated from the curd. The first process of manufacture is to heat the milk. It is then tested by rennet for ripeness. Rennet, in its commercial form, is a preserved extract from the fourth stomach of a calf. Being of a peptic character, it tends to coagulate the milk. When the milk is coagulated the solid portion, or curd, is separated from the watery portion by allowing the latter to draw off. Gang knives are then brought into use to cut the curd into cubes of a third of an inch or more. After cutting, the curd is gently agitated to prevent settling. This allows the curd to shrink and tends to expel a portion of the whey. The mass of curd is next heated very slowly to about 92 degrees. This process may continue for several hours, lasting until the operator finds that the curd will string about a quarter to a third of an inch on a hot iron. The whey is then drawn off and the curd is piled to rid it of any excess of moisture. When deemed sufficiently salted, it is ground and salted. After grinding the curd—or cheese, as it may now be called—is dipped and put into hoops to give it form for pressing.

North Carolina Climate.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you tell me something about the climate of North Carolina?—J. A. S., Newton Falls, N. Y.

The mountain section of North Carolina has a delightful summer and autumnal climate and a bracing and not too severe winter, and has become a resort for health and pleasure, notably Asheville. The coast region has a damp and warm summer climate and near the swamps fevers and catarrhal diseases prevail, although the dry pine woods are exceptionally healthful and especially free from pulmonary complaints. The middle section is generally healthful also and combines the characters of the other two regions.

Oscar Wilde.

Editor Question Bureau: Please give a biographical sketch of Oscar Wilde.—M. L. T., Shelby, Neb.

Oscar Wilde was an Irish poet. He was born in Dublin, in 1856; his father was Sir William Wilde, a noted surgeon, and his mother Lady Jane Wilde, a poet. Oscar Wilde was graduated from Oxford in 1878, winning the Newdigate prize for English verse. In 1879 he went to live in London, where he became the leader of the so-called aesthetic movement. He visited the United States in 1882, lecturing extensively on art topics, and later lectured similarly in his own country and in Paris. In 1895 he was convicted of a serious moral offense and condemned to penal servitude for two years. While in jail he wrote a balad of considerable force. His published works consist of poetry and novels. He also wrote some clever comedies. He died in Paris, November 30, 1900.

Improved Order of Redmen.

Editor Question Bureau:—I will be pleased if you will give me a general history of the Improved Order of Red Men, the number of members, where they originated, etc.—C. W. Ellenboro, N. C.

For our history of the Improved Order of Red Men we shall rely largely upon what the historian of the order has written. The order was organized October 4, 1833. It was founded upon the manners, traditions and customs of the Indians, the aborigines of the western world, the order even adopted the Indian's unique figure of speech. With the idea that sometime the Indian race will become extinct, it expects to occupy an original place in public interest as the depository of Indian customs, Indian traditions and Indian nomenclature. The order is organized along lines similar to those of other civic organizations. Its supreme power is the Great Council of the United States, and from this body comes all authority for the establishment of local branches in towns and cities; there are also state and provincial great councils. Local branches of the order are tribes, degree councils and councils of the degree of Pocahontas. The ceremonies of the order are purely American.

Of the order's history, it is said that an attempt has been made to establish a succession from the patriotic societites of the American Revolution, but without much historical basis. The war of 1812 served to foster the assembling and banding together of men fired with patriotic ardor. It is assumed that quite likely these associations may have led to the formation of the societies of Red Men, known to have flourished between the years 1813 and 1830, of which fragmentary records have been preserved. The impulse also may have come from the Tammany societites of the national period prior to 1812.

A society of Red Men existed in Philadelphia in 1824, and there were branches in other cities and states at earlier and later dates; but the movement which began in Baltimore in 1833-4, really seems to be the authentic date of the foundation. The Improved Order of Red Men was anti-convivial in its character, and was first brought into public prominence by the observance of Saint Tammany's Day, May 12, 1835, the great council of Maryland was instituted, and soon became an incorporated body. January 3d, 1847, the Great Council of the United States was formed as the supreme government, by special charter from the legislature of Pennsylvania, approved March 3d, 1866. The policy of the order has been to possess a legal standing in the state. The fortunes of the order were fluctuating until 1881. At that time it began to grow steadily and assumed proportions which took in the republic and reservations in Canada, with a membership of 350,000. While the order is a civic society, it has benevolence and social characteristics.

Gold Standard.

E. W., Plymouth, Ind.: You asked us if the United States maintained the single gold standard. We replied in the affirmative. If we remember correctnly you wanted a reply in order to settle a dispute, but from your later communication we infer that you are not only anxious to continue the dispute, but desire to extend it to the columns of the Question Bureau, which department isn't maintained for argumentive purposes. You say that the Bureau's reply to your original question was wrong, and intimate that the editor doesn't know what he is talking about. We respectfully reply, the same to you, sir. When we talk of "standard" with reference to money we mean a standard of value, a fixed ratio established and recognized by the government. When we say "gold standard" we mean a monetary standard based on gold alone as measuring the unit of value. By law the dollar of 25.8 grains of gold, .9 fine, is the standard unit of value in this country, and all forms of money issued by the United States must be maintained at a parity of value with this standard. There is nothing more to it, either theoretically or otherwise.

E. W. says: "I knew what the law was before I wrote you; but the law hasn't been enforced; I say it is a dead letter on the statute books. It is true the government has enforced part; when they sell bonds they are payable in gold, but the the nation in business is not giving gold notes." Our friend of Plymouth is by considerable more to say, but that part of his communication is enough to convince us that he has simply confused his ideas, and is thinking about "legal tender" and talking about "gold standard." To our mind there is no other way to account for what he has said.

State Repudiation.

Editor Question Bureau: Please tell me something about the repudiation of debts by the various states of the union.—H. B., Theressa, Fla.

During the disastrous financial period of 1840 and several subsequent years the states Illinois, Indiana, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Mississippi, Michigan and Louisiana, suspended the payment of interest on their debts incurred in promoting public improvements, but all of them except Michigan, Mississippi and Louisiana eventually fulfilled their obligations as to the capital of the debts. Governor McNutt, of Mississippi, advocated "repudiating the sale of certain of the state bonds," on account of alleged fraud and illegality in the issue, and this was the origin of the term "repudiation" as applied to that course on the part of a state. The legislature of Mississippi refused to accept the governor's suggestion, but while the bonds were not formally repudiated, they were not redeemed. Michigan provided for the repayment of money actually received, repudiating obligations shown to have been issued without a fair equivalent, even although in the hands of innocent parties. Louisiana paid her creditors in depreciated state bonds. Minnesota refused to honor certain railroad bonds guaranteed by the state, in 1858, claiming that the railroads had failed to comply with the conditions on which the guarantee was given. The question of paying this indebtedness was agitated for many years, and finally, in 1880, Minnesota compromised by agreeing to pay 50 cents on the dollar.

After the civil war the southern states fell under the rule of "carpet-baggers," who took advantage of conditions to get control of state governments. Obligations were issued for which no reasonable equivalent ever reached the state treasuries, and when the native whites regained possession they found themselves deeply in debt. Georgia, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas and Tennessee either scaled their debts to a figure which represented value received or refused to pay obligations alleged to be tainted with injustice and corruption. Under the eleventh amendment to the national constitution states cannot be sued by individuals, and creditors are therefore powerless to attempt collection in the courts. The repudiated obligations of the southern states are mostly locked up in northern safes, being held by persons who hope that at some period in the future the states in question may follow the example of Minnesota, and decide, notwithstanding alleged fraud and illegality, to redeem the promise to which the state seal is affixed.

An Imaginary Battle.

Editor Question Bureau: I send you the following extract from an article which appeared in an American magazine during the year 1898: "The silence of the Americans in the beginning of the conflict was comprehended, now that it was too late. Finally, when some few brave men had almost reached the foot of the glacis, the full situation became apparent to the German commander-in-chief and the recall was sounded. In the brief space of sixteen minutes which had elapsed between the opening of the fire and the United States forces and the sounding of the recall, eight thousand German, English and Canadian troops had been either killed or so badly wounded that they remained on the field of battle. A flag of truce sent to the German lines proposed that each army should furnish thirty thousand men for burial and hospital purposes, the wording parties to be under the Red Cross. All night long this great army of nurses and undertakers, lighted in their ghastly work by torches, toiled to relieve the anguish of the stricken." I have had quite a controversy with a certain person about the genuineness of the description of the battle. I call it a fake; my friend insists that it must be true.—H. C. G., Mattawan, Mich.

The description of the battle is purely imaginary. Of course no such battle was ever fought.

Miscellaneous.

H. G., Piqua, O.: We have no statistics from which we can answer your question.

A. R. K., Ceres, N. Y.: No, the government does not issue permits to write poetry. A copyright protects poetry from being copied and reprinted by those who might otherwise desire to use it. Copyright may be obtained by making proper application to the Librarian of Congress, paying stipulated fee, etc.

G. B., Sevierville, Tenn.: The Bureau doesn't know the value of tellurium, as compared with the value of gold. It is very rare, however.

W. B. C., Morris, Pa.: The Bureau has had many requests for a biographical sketch of William T. Ellis, but so far has been unable to comply with them. As soon as possible, however, we shall endeavor to obtain a sketch of Mr. Ellis, that all those who desire to know something of him may be gratified.

E. E. B., Cumberland, O.: If you can shoe horses there is no law that we know of to prevent you from doing it.

V. J., Logansport, Ind.: William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) is still alive. If you will turn to issue of The Blade dated the eleventh of last month you will find in Question Bureau a biographical sketch of Col. Cody. Evidently you are not a close reader of the Question Bureau.

D. C. W., Danville, Ill.: We are not certain that we understand your question, or what you mean by "most wealth." If you mean valuation of property, these are the figures for the four leading states: New York, total assessed valuation, $8,015,090,722; Pennsylvania, $4,405,378,339; Massachusetts, $4,222,281,054; Ohio, $2,113,806,168.

J. F., Marion Center, Pa.: The Bureau cannot answer your questions.

G. C., Manorville, Pa.: We can tell you nothing concerning the Order of Independent Americans.

G. G., Petersburg, Ind.: The plural of biscuit is biscuits.

Mutual Fears.

At a private musicale in New York, given by a prominent society woman, there were present a number of American composers, among them Victor Herbert.

In the absence of one of the singers scheduled to appear, a certain young woman was asked to sing something of Herbert's. After many objections and protestations, evidently for effect, the young woman finally made her way to the piano.

"I shall sing the serenade from Mr. Herbert's opera of that name," said she, addressing the company generally. Then, in a whisper to Herbert, she added:

"But, oh, Mr. Herbert, I'm so afraid I can't sing it!"

"Never mind," responded Herbert reassuringly; "I am, too."—Lippincott's.

How Ontario Went Dry

By GEORGE BURTON VOORHEIS.

Sentiment played a part in turning Tennessee into a dry state, and up here in Ontario it helped some, too. As the **Adams law in** Tennessee began the saloon trimming, so in Ontario the Cooks act did away with saloons and made liquor selling a tavern business governable by a license. To say that a license governs is true. There is no half-way business. The hotel-keeper lives up to his license in all particulars. Three mistakes forfeit it, and no hotel proprietor cares for such publicity. To get his license he has to show a good record for honesty and observance of the law. And it takes all that to hold it. Sentiment, you see. It's a great thing when backed up by a popular vote. That in the ascendancy means no license and local option. But hold up, we're going too fast.

To begin: The lieutenant governor starts things. In each district, county or city he appoints the license board of three members—honorable men—who serve from year to year without salary. Their position is honorary, but expenses are paid. If the lieutenant governor sees fit he can reappoint them. Then he appoints an inspector over each district, county or city, who furnishes bond to the government.

To show how sentiment works, just listen to these facts: Previous to the Crooks act the municipalities controlled this traffic. The sentiment began its agitation, and, as in the states, when the people begin and continue an insistent demand the government acts. It took the power from the municipalities and now uses it. To see the results, look: Toronto in 1874 had 309 tavern licenses, 184 shop licenses, 21 wholesale licenses, and 16 vessel licenses. Now she has 147 tavern licenses, 50 shop licenses, 11 wholesale and no vessel licenses. At this time no licenses are issued to vessels, and only six in all the province are permitted at railroad junctions where no lodgings are given.

Toronto was, in 1874, about 30,000 or 40,000. Now she is over 300,000. In the same period Hamilton reduced her tavern licenses from 127 to 68. York county, where Toronto is situated, in the same period dropped her tavern licenses from 148 to 73. This is not considering Toronto, which is as above given. Welland county, in which Niagara Falls is situated, shows a falling off from 145 to 59. All other counties and cities give equally gratifying results.

Before the government took charge a saloon existed for revenue only. Now a licensee must furnish lodging and meals and is subject to dismissal or a cancellation of license by a refusal. To see what a license means we quote some of its provisions. Besides lodgings and meals it must close at 11 o'clock every night but Saturday, and then at 7. This law is absolutely obeyed. There is nothing sold Sundays. The hotels print signs and hang them in the dining rooms saying employes will be dismissed who violate this rule. To permit drunkenness might mean a loss of privilege. Further, there are the other usual restrictions. Instances are known of where out-of-town persons tried to break the above rules as to closing and Sunday, but in every instance there was a refusal. And then it is not only liquors, but cigars, newspapers, etc. You buy nothing Sunday. It is a fine to open your place of business.

Apparently sentiment has obtained results. Yes, but not all it will. You say Ontario is not dry yet. That is so. The world is not all good, either, but it is more so than it was. This is a gradual change.

To get a license there must be an application. The license board acts on it. To obtain it you must have been good, are now good and swear that you will be good. Then it is a case of being from Missouri. You have to show the board and people. Toronto can have one hundred and fifty licenses. She has one hundred and forty-seven. Why? The people refuse to sign applications and when one goes before the board the people enter objections. There can be at least three licenses in every one thousand inhabitants, or to be exact the first one thousand, but no more, and the board may say less and the people may by a vote say local option. That means none as long as they vote that way. A majority in favor of local option allows a place or district dry for three years. Then a license may be proposed, but if voted down or not proposed local option continues indefinitely.

Yes, it is gradually drifting to local option, to dry Ontario. Further, the government can at any time annul all licenses and make a city or county dry—should it deem it of benefit. The municipal councils may reduce the maximum licenses if they see fit. Three convictions for any offenses in a period of two years forfeit a license which is renewed from year to year, May 1st to April 30.

One feature is very striking and that is that when convicted and fined the fine stands. It cannot ever be remitted and the result is the tavern keepers hate to go up against it. There is another feature: Being few their money value is great. A man pays large sums for the good will alone and takes chances to obtain a license. The sums vary from $1,000 to $100,000. The license of the King Ewward hotel at Toronto would probably bring that sum.

Ride through the province, as the writer has done, and you can tell where local option prevails. There stands an empty hostelry. It is on a corner. Formerly the old and young met here. Now they drive on home. It is empty.

A story is told of a small place where local option went into effect. A traveler was seized with a thirst. He called Uncle Henry aside and pleaded for assistance. "No, sir. I can't do it. It's local option now. I'd like to give you a drink, but I can't. No, I just can't. Never turned a chap down before, but I just can't give you anything." The fellow passed on. To prove the dryness in Ontario witness in 1872 there were 6,000 licenses. In 1897 there were but 2,500 licenses for hotels.

A LITTLE CHARACTER SKETCH

One of the strangest men who ever interested a student of character has just died in Chicago. Michael C. McDonald, politician, boss gambler, bon vivant, rounder, financier, millionaire and dead game sport, has found the end of a broken, pathetic and successful career. The immediate cause of death was reaction following the success of a long-continued effort for the release on bond of his imprisoned wife, charged with the murder of a paramour. His second venture in matrimony being as unfortunate as his first, McDonald was as true to and as tender of his second as he was of his first wife. This sentiment, which might not improperly be called a weakness, never appeared to be such in McDonald. It was one of the complex traits of his complex individuality. He was an easy mark for all of the weak whom he knew to be weak, but where was there ever a strong man who encountered him and found him so?

In politics, in his palmiest days, he was the incarnation of force rather than of craft, and one might say of brute force, without exaggeration or injustice. As one of the strong arms of the first Carter Harrison, in the years when that strong character sought to dominate the Democratic party of Illinois through control of Cook county, McDonald's uniformed legion was the expression of the physical power behind the numerical power Chicago had then reached. There were other men of some rank in that legion, not necessary to name here beyond indicating that they have since served their turns at Joliet, who sought to pit the little cunning of their ward politics against the higher and cleaner intelligence of the "down state" men. These earned only the contempt of their opponents, but McDonald's comparative decency and squareness in accepting defeat after the failure of all his efforts to carry things by storm, gave him the respect of so many Illinoisans that it is scarcely an overdrawn statement to say that his death, under such sorrowful conditions, will be mourned in every county of his state.

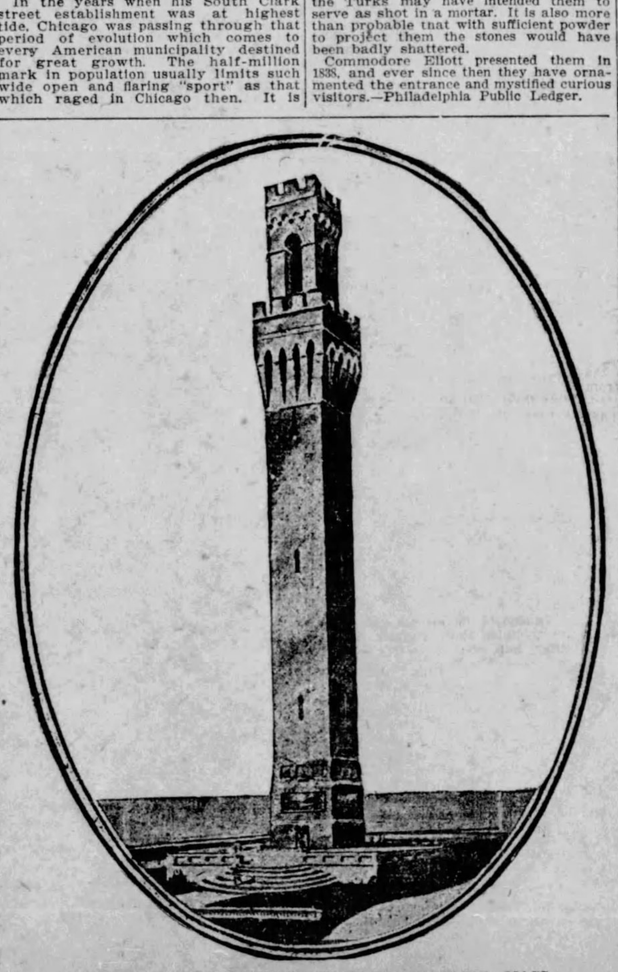
In the years when his South Clark street establishment was at highest tide, Chicago was passing through that period of evolution which comes to every American municipality destined for great growth. The half-million mark in population usually limits such wide open and flaring "sport" as that which raged in Chicago then. It is at about that point the weight of the resident population begins to assert itself in demands for stricter enforcement of law in protection of property right and interest. Always, at such times and places, the thoroughbred sport adjusts himself to the new situation, forgets and recognizes the necessity, if not the justice of the change, employs his business abilities in other lines, or finds new fields for his games of chance. McDonald stayed in Chicago, and invested his money in more than one of her business activities. On one occasion, speaking of the Chicago lid, he said: "We don't need a lid on a jackpot, but we do on the one we cook our dinner in." The man had a mind capable of clear seeing, a bright fancy, and a lambent wit to show, as some lines in his face showed, that under higher environments he could have won distinction in the professional or literary world. He never felt a physical fear, but he was afraid to deny a beggar in the street. A strange man and one of many contradictions; one, too, to make us feel, as we see how the life lines crossed and were tangled in him, the truth of Shakespeare's thought that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our narrow philosophy. For in him was the strength to vanquish strength and the weakness to be vanquished by weakness. Which side of this strange character was really the strongest, or the weakest, is the puzzle in the case. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Cannon Balls of Stone.

On either side of the entrance to the Naval asylum, on Gray's Ferry road, is an immense stone sphere, measuring about twenty-five inches in diameter. There is a legend that these were used or intended for use in a Turkish mortar, "the largest piece of ordinance in the world."

These balls were given to the institution soon after its founding by Commodore J. D. Elliott, who obtained them during a cruise on the frigate Constitution in European waters. An inscription on one of the balls relates that they were obtained on the Asiatic side of the Dardanelles, and it is within the realms of possibility that the Turks may have intended them to serve as shot in a mortar. It is also more than probable that with sufficient powder to project them the stones would have been badly shattered.

Commodore Elliott presented them in 1838, and ever since then they have ornamented the entrance and mystified curious visitors.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.



THE PILGRIM MONUMENT AT PROVINCETOWN, MASS.
The Cornerstone of Which Was Laid This Week by President Roosevelt.

KING OF BEGGARS

Gives a Dinner to One Thousand Tramps in Graveyard.

From far-off Chicago there came to the capital of all the Russias the tale of the great banquet to American tramps and beggars. No doubt the gayety and magnificence of Dr. Reitman's spread to hoboes was much distorted when the story reached the ears of Russian beggars. Yet it made an impression, and especially on Ivan Stepanoff, the king of Russian beggars. Ivan the other day celebrated the thirty-fifth anniversary of his sovereignty.

This king of the underworld was most anxious to celebrate the event in an up-to-date manner, and so the moment he heard of the Chicago feast he decided that he would follow suit and give a gorgeous banquet.

Those familiar with Russia and Russian life know that one of the features of the land is the army of beggars. There is no charity organization society to bother and the police are friendly—so friendly, in fact, that there is probability that the beggars either pay a goodly percentage or buy outright from the police their numerous stands in the streets of the cities.

Ivan Stepanoff is a man of 60—a tall, well-built man with white hair and beard, having more the appearance of a well-to-do artisan or minor official than a beggar. Yet he has plied his "trade" for a good 35 years, and always at the same stand, the largest and most fashionable cemetery of St. Petersburg, situated in the suburb of Kolomna. Here he is one of the noted figures, dressed in picturesque rags. He has a soft voice, an engaging manner, and with visitors and sightseers as well as mourners he is a success in soliciting alms for himself, his "poor" wife and "starving" children.

As a matter of fact, which the police, but not the public, is aware of, his wife wears valuable furs and diamonds; one of his daughters is married to a merchant, who, with her, received a large "dot," and his two sons are students at the Lycee and may shortly gain well-paid positions in the official services.

The police, but not the public, also know that the very handsome villa inclosed by a large and well-kept garden, situated in the Kolomna suburb, is Stepanoff's home, and that he built it himself.

The menage is a luxurious one and the beggar has his servants and his trotters just as if he were a noble or a wealthy merchant.

So much for the King of Beggars. For his anniversary he decided to follow the idea of the Chicago banquet, yet even on a grander scale. He caused invitations to be sent broadcast to the beggars, tramps and miscellaneous hoboes of St. Petersburg. The banquet hall was the cemetery, the home of his exploits.

The police, strange to say, raised no objections to the jubilee in the graveyard. They allowed the caterer's wagons to unload huge piles of eatables and great baskets filled to the brim with bottles of strong vodka. They allowed the guests—the queerest assemblage in the city—to gather to the number of a round thousand, and furthermore, they raised no objections to the graves and gravestones being used as tables. On each gravestone was laid a sumptuous repast with its proper complement of liquid refreshments. A dozen or more of the strange guests gathered around each grave, depending on its size, and there feasted. Ivan himself presided at one of the central graves, a great mausoleum, the family vault of a prince. During the feast he also visited and drank his toast at others of the tombs.

The strange scene continued from noon throughout the evening, until came the time for the cemetery to be closed for the night. There was no unseemly noise. Each party of junketers had its own merriment, but, although the vodka was plentiful, there were no drunkards and no rowdies in the crowd.

Ivan Stepanoff announced early in the day with much eclat that in view of the festivities, he would abstain from importuning strangers for alms for that day, the first day in 35 years in which he had not attended to his business.

Toward closing time Stepanoff marshaled his guests in small parties and conducted them to the gates. From there they vanished to their various holes.

It is estimated that the celebration cost the King of the Beggars fully $500. But he is plying his trade more vigorously than ever and may soon make up this.

Although this is the first beggars' banquet in Russia there are now likely to be others. Chicago has evidently sowed a seed which promises to be fruitful.—St. Petersburg Cor. New York Press.

CLOTH OF IRON AND STONE

Wool Made in Electrical Furnace—Fabric From Old Ropes.

Cloth of gold the fairy books describe; cloth of iron is a real product of the mills. Iron cloth is used largely today by tailors for making the collars of coats set fashionably. It is manufactured from steel wool by a new process and has the appearance of having been woven from horsehair.

Wool which never saw the back of a sheep is being largely utilized on the continent for making men's suits. It is known by the name of limestone wool and is made in an electric furnace. Powdered limestone mixed with a certain chemical is thrown into the furnace and after passing under a furious blast of air is tossed out as fluffy, white wool. After coming from the furnace the wool is dyed and finally made into lengths of cloth. A pair of trousers or a coat made from this material cannot be burned or damaged by grease and is as flexible as cloth made from sheep's wool.

Sometime ago an English clothing manufacturer succeeded in making a fabric from old ropes. He combined a quantity of old rope and cordage and unraveled them by a secret process into a kind of rough cloth. A suit of clothes made from it and worn by the manufacturer himself proved strong in the extreme and kept its color well. It is said that a number of goods sold by some of the best London tailors at low prices are made of old ropes.—Chicago Tribune.

Men That Are Poisonous.

"You smoke thirty cigarettes a day?"

"Yes, on the average."

"Yet you don't blame them for your run-down condition?"

"Not in the least. I blame my hard work."

The physician shook his head. He smiled in a vexed way. Then he took a leech out of a glass jar.

"Let me show you something," he said. "Bare your arm."

The cigarette fiend bared his pale arm, and the other laid the lean, black leech upon it. The leech fell to work busily. Its body began to swell. Then, all of a sudden, a kind of shudder convulsed it, and it fell to the floor, dead.

"That is what your blood did to that leech," said the physician. He took up the little corpse between finger and thumb. "Look at it," he said, "Quite dead, you see. You poisoned it."

"I guess it wasn't a healthy leech, in the first place," said the cigarete smoker, sullenly.

"Wasn't healthy, eh? Well, we'll try again."

And the physician clapped two leeches on the young man's thin arm.

"If they both die," said the patient, "I'll swear off—or, at least, I'll cut down my daily allowance from thirty cigarettes to ten."

Even as he spoke the smaller leech shivered and dropped on his knee, dead, and a moment later the larger one fell beside it.

"This is ghastly," said the young man. "I am worse than the pestilence to these leeches."

"It is the empyreumatic oil in your blood," said the medical man. "All cigarette fiends have it. Smoke reasonably, and this oil will disappear, and you will be no longer deadly to the leech. Furthermore, your appetite will return, you will sleep better, and your muddy color will clear up. It is not hard work, but hard smoking, that has brought these troubles down on you."

"Doc," said the young man, regarding the three dead leeches thoughtfully, "I half believe you're right."

Scottish Universities.

The Prince of Wales' visit to Glasgow to inaugurate the university extension building once more appropriately emphasizes the important part which the Scottish universities are taking in the development of the national life. This is the second enlargement which Glasgow has been compelled to make within half a century. The university, too, has behind it quite a venerable air of antiquity, as well as the hallmark of modern utility. Its foundation dates back four centuries and a half, and, like all the Scottish universities except Edinburgh, it owes its existence to ancient ecclesiastical authority. In point of age, however, Glasgow holds only second place in Scotland's honorable academic record, St. Andrew's ranking as doyen, with a margin in its favor of about 50 years, Aberdeen following as a good third. Edinburgh came into being about a ceutnry later. But the oldest of the Scottish universities is two centuries younger than Cambridge. As for Oxford, her academic beginnings are quite lost in the haze of Anglo-Saxon antiquity. The town was known as a seat of learning in the year 802.—London Globe.

Got a Matrimonial Bond

Bride With an Eye to Business Insists on Ironclad Contract Being Drawn Up.

A new wrinkle in the business world (intermingled with the realms of romance) developed over in Putmy last week.

Some ten or more years ago Mrs. Maybelle Winkel, then a very handsome woman of 30 in her second widowhood, was sought in marriage by Templeton Jackson, of Putmy, and found herself drawn toward him by his undeniably good qualities.

But her two former marriages had not been successes from any point of view. By the first she had lost two-thirds of the small fortune she had possessed as a single woman, and by the second all her property was swept away, and after a few years of trouble, quarreling and privation she was cast helpless upon the world to support herself by her own unaided efforts.

Therefore, when Mr. Jackson proposed marriage to her, she hesitated to accept him, although he pleased her well. She had learned through bitter experience that men are deceivers and that the course of true love does not always run smoothly, either before or after marriage.

She felt that she owed it to herself to have some sort of assurance that, at least from a financial standpoint, her third venture should not be a failure, even though in the line of actual property she now had nothing to lose.

But the case presented difficulties, for although Mr. Jackson was in the enjoyment of a good income from the practice of his profession, he had not $3000 worth of property in the world and could settle nothing on her.

He was desperately in love, however, and willing to do anything that lay in his power to brush away all her objections to the union, and when the lady suggested that it might be all right if he were to furnish her a good bond, signed by two or three men of means as sureties, that he would always provide well for her, would always conduct himself toword her in the best manner possible for a husband, and, in short, would fail in nothing by which she might be made happy, he jumped at the chance, and inasmuch as he stood well in the community, he soon furnished such a bond, carefully drawn up by a lawyer, running in the sum of $10,000, and signed by two rich men, Tiremus Valleyblat and Jacob Dochmucker, both of whom, however, were informed by the lawyer that the paper was no good whatever, and nothing in fact, but a mere joke—that it could not be enforced.

Mr. Jackson did very well as a married man for several years, but at last, meeting with considerable misfortune, he lost his nerve and took to strong drink, altogether too much of it. He developed a drunkard's appetite, which passed entirely beyond his control, and went on from bad to worse so rapidly that a year ago Mrs. Jackson was compelled to and did obtain a divorce from him and he soon thereafter died.

Being again without means and with two children of her last marriage to provide for, she brought out the marriage bond signed by Valleyblat and Dochmucker and demanded of them payment of the $10,000 provided for therein. They laughed at her demand and told her that the paper was worthless. She promptly sued them on it and the suit was fought out with great energy on both sides, but the court held that the document was all right in every way, amply supported by a good consideration, and, inasmuch as it was clearly proved that the plaintiff had been a splendid wife and mother and entirely without fault in the domestic troubles of the family, but that Jackson had been in the wrong in every way and clearly a complete failure as a good husband, the defendants lost and were compelled to pay and did pay to Mrs. Jackson the $10,000 with costs of suit and a year's interest. Her suit having been carried on at the instigation of the local branch of the W. C. T. U., she had no attorney's fees or expenses to pay and now she has a little over $10,000 well invested to stand between her and her children and want.—Pittsburg Leader.

PAPER TO CLOTHE US

The time is here when dignified Augusta, Maine, or graceful Richmond, Va., or energetic Elizabeth, N. J., or breezy Denver, Col., may sweep aside the paper portiere in her dressing room, attire herself in her paper skirt and invisible paper shirt waist, don her paper hat and, taking along all the paper money she happens to have handy, go downtown and buy a few more dozen of the new paper napkins that go so well with the new paper tablecloths.

For the age is at last ready to become an age of paper, all the way from the paper string that ties up the package of paper napkins to the paper sheets between which Augusta, in Maine; Adelaide, out in Australia; Washington, Lincoln or Franklin, almost anywhere in the United States, can sleep for the paper-covered future.

Fanciful Frank Stockton, a generation ago, made his escape from the famous lady and the tiger—the success which rendered it nearly impossible for him to sell what he wrote immediately afterward—by telling the story of the penurious pinmaker who slept under a blanket of newspapers—not because the newspapers of the day put you to sleep, but because newspapers at night were warmer than woolen blankets.

It was a story that was all the more amusing for being so true; and not the least truthful of its features was the declaration that a newspaper is one of the warmest things—quite apart from the big type and colored scare heads of today—that humanity can put itself next to.

Street car conductors, on cold and slushy days, often risk a quarrel at the car barn or a suspension by the superintendent by laying a thickness of newspaper on the rear platform.

Any number of workers exposed to long hours of cold find a newspaper between coat and vest a better protection than a chamois or woolen chest protector—as warm, in fact, as a rubber coat, without inducing the weakening perspiration of caoutchouc.

Perhaps Stockton's story inspired the ever-inventive Germans to try their hands at obtaining practical results; perhaps it didn't. But the results are here, anyway.

Process, after process, patent after patent, have conspired to make paper—common, ordinary paper—available for yarn. The strange thing about the outcome of 20 years of experiment is that the material made of paper loses all its heating properties, and, in the last analysis, adapts itself best to articles of apparel in which warmth is not to be desired.

The manufacture is not very intricate. Rags, wood—almost anything that will make good paper—are ground up into a pulp. The pulp, drawn off on wire-cloth drums, forms narrow bands of paper which are partly dried and then spun into yarn. The yarn can be beautifully dyed, and treatment with chemicals gives it strength, elasticity and a glistening smoothness.

One variety of the paper yarn is being used for the making of girdles, suspenders, edgings and similar materials. Another makes tablecloths, towels, buckram, linings, sacking, hangings, upholstery goods and even rugs. It comes into service as an ally of its predestined enemy—cotton—for it is cotton that will be most affected, and most helped, by the new article of commerce.

Wood pulp costs only one-third as much as cotton, and excellent rugs and portieres are woven with the warp of cotton and the woof of the paper yarn.

So it is likely to cut down the sale of cotton to an appreciable degree, although the world is growing bigger every day. Southern planters need not begin hunting mortgage money for a long time yet.

The probability is that they will welcome the new material eagerly, for it is now conceded to solve the already desperate problem of jute bagging for the increasing cotton crop. It is amply strong enough, and it lasts as long as jute ever dares last.

Not only has cord made of the paper been used extensively for tying up packages, but sacks made of woven paper have been found to give good service as mail sacks.

Fish gelatin has lent to the fabrics made of paper a property which constitutes the final test of practical utility—resistance to moisture. They are wearable, pliable, washable, dryable—perhaps boilable and fryable, for all anybody knows to the contrary.

Soaked in water for a day and a night and then allowed to dry, they prove to be as strong as ever, and the only difference detected is a slight shrinkage. There is no doubt that they would stand frequent exposure to rain as well as, and possibly better than, many cloths and muslins now in general use at much higher prices.

With the loss of the heat-retaining properties that characterize the ordinary sheet of paper, the new cloth becomes even cooler than cotton for wear as a garment. But that is an immensely valuable asset, for it makes the stuff peculiarly suited to all warm climates and to the torrid summer season of many so-called temperate zones.

A boon thrice blessed it can be to thousands of summer workers, as well as idlers, men as well as women, whom it will enable to comply with the proprieties and still be as comfortable as though they were discarding half the clothing which the conventions compel them to wear.

Its utilities cover the needs of humanity from foot to head, for already straw hats are made of paper more cheaply and more handsomely than the original straw aspired to. The paper "straw" hats do not fade and do not wilt, and, the material being of any length, miracles of all sorts in hat-making are awaiting the deft hands of the designer. The most impressive triumph thus far achieved has been the attainment of quality in paper "straw" which challenges comparison with the finest Panama hats.

So the paper age has arrived. The German way has taken 20 years. The American way won't be satisfied if it takes longer than 20 minutes.

What with our hurry-up habit of discovering a forest and jamming a pulp mill into its peaceful insides, the future seems to hold out the promise that the modern Adam and Eve will soon be able to promenade into the dreamy woodland in the morning and come out with a couple of trunkfuls of stylish fig leaves in the afternoon.

Which is getting back at nature with a vengeance.

THE LONG AGO.

When Moses in his basket dreamed
The pessimists went to and fro,
Declaring sadly that it seemed
That all the world was filled with woe;
They waggled their heads and paused to praise
The glory of the ancient days,
The splendor of Long Ago.

When Caesar's lightest word was law
The gravebeards gathered to deplore
The soul-disturbing things they saw
And gossip of "the days of yore;"
Their minds were filled with fear and doubt
As gloomily they talked about
The "good times" that could come no more.

When Richard of the Lion's heart
Put on his armor for the fray
The ancient grumblers stood about
And mourned the darkness of their day;
They spoke of "good old times" and sighed
For former glory and for pride
That had "forever passed away."

When Washington did all he could
To cheer the ragged men he led
Gray-haired, toothless grumblers stood
Around and sadly voiced their dread,
And grave comparisons were drawn
With "good old times forever gone,"
And "fair old customs" that were dead

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1907.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wideawake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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When the average housewife can't find anything else to preserve, watermelon rind looks good to her.

We would like to try that buttonless shirt before investing in a plaster of paris bust of the inventor.

Czar Nicholas' third duma may be just the kind of duma he wants, providing he has it made to order.

Secretary Taft's policy doesn't suit Mr. Bryan, which should be regarded as good news by Taft's friends.

We occasionally read of the theft of an automobile, but so far nobody has undertaken to steal an airship.

The President, it may be observed, agrees with some judges on the question of sending some people to prison.

When early apples are measured and sold in quart measures it takes a real optimist to have visions of a full cider barrel.

To the harvester trust a $1,000,000 fine from Texas probably looks just as big as it would if it came from Rhode Island.

Coxey is contemplating making his second "march" across the country in palace cars. Another sign of Republican prosperity.

It has cost the United States $2,554,970 to keep Cuba quiet. But the noise may break out when Cuba has to make the amount good.

During his coming trip Taft will again visit Japan, where, if the mikado is in the right mood, he will have nice spring whale for dinner.

If the average schoolboy should talk like some university professors his teacher would have no hope of him ever amounting to much.

Not much is being heard from Uncle Joe Cannon these days except that he is smoking the same brand of cigars and using the same old cuss words.

If the John Smiths of the country would each contribute a small amount of money they could come near paying off the Jamestown exposition debt.

The arrest of a New Yorker for spanking his mother-in-law will be pretty sure to remind some men that there are too many laws in this country.

It took several days to discover that a Chicago man's neck had been broken in a dentist's chair. And yet some people have little faith in "painless dentists."

Senator Foraker's present anti-Taft attitude will serve to make the occasion of his climbing into the band wagon one of the big events of the future.

In the recent Philippine elections Aguinaldo received one vote. Now where are the men who used to regard him as the George Washington of the Philippines?

"New York health authorities are protesting against long hairs on the tails of cows." Then for the love of the cows they should also protest against the flies.

"Is the church bell a nuisance?" is the question being discussed in Brooklyn. The ringing of a church bell never hurt anybody who possessed a clear conscience.

A Connecticut man has invented a milking machine which is said to work "just like a calf." Then it must have a tail which it vigorously switches while in operation.

A California man declares he saw a turtle twenty feet long. This should help the government experts who have been trying to settle the question, "What is whisky?"

If the people of foreign countries are smart, they will take a second look at Taft when he visits them. In that way they will get a better idea of what a next president looks like.

Aren't some of the preachers of the country getting too sensational? One in Philadelphia recently declared that a man can be a consistent Christian and a politician at the same time.

"There is a difference between slender and skinny women," declares the Atchison Globe. There is also a difference between plump and fat women, but a man has to be in love to discover it.

When they come to raking up something against the Roosevelt administration, about the worst thing the Democrats will find will be the record of Pete, the White House bulldog.

The county fair season will soon be open. The county fair is a great institution to people who like to meet their old friends and acquaintances, just to see if they look prosperous.

One of our faithful friends writes to know what a good trust is. The question is rather unexpected. However, any trust that goes to Sunday school and church regularly and doesn't stay out late at night should be pretty highly esteemed.

Nebraska Democrats and Populists have refused to fuse, although they knew fusion would please Mr. Bryan, their foremost citizen. It seems that whenever Mr. Bryan wants to buy a blooded heifer, or in any other way realize his heart's desire, he has to go away from home.

STATUS OF ORGANIZED LABOR.

Whether or not the "boycott" and the "unfair list" are legitimate weapons in the hands of union labor is to be determined by a test suit begun by the president of the National Association of Manufacturers against Gompers, Mitchell and other labor leaders, the defendants named being the officers of the American Federation of Labor and its subsidiary organizations.

The basis of the action is the attitude of organized labor toward a manufacturing concern of St. Louis. This firm had trouble with its metal polishers, who walked out. In order to force the company to surrender, the boycott was instituted, and the firm was published in the "unfair list" of labor organs. The contention of the plaintiff is that these acts have seriously interfered with the business of the company and are in defiance of law. Hence he applies for an injunction, the evident purpose being to get a decision on the practices of organized labor in its battle for recognition. Special interest will be taken in the outcome of this suit for the reason that there is scarcely a city in the United States where the boycott has not been instituted. Its manifest object is to drive business away from the boycotted firm. Sometimes it has been effective, while again it has redounded to the advantage of the firm. But in any case, it is claimed that the boycott is intended to restrain trade, and to that extent is unlawful.

It is not unlikely that the courts, in their consideration of this case, will determine the exact relations of organized labor to the industrial world. It is asserted by many that labor, as now unionized, is nothing more nor less than a trust, and that its methods of enforcing acceptance of its terms are no less arbitrary and harmful than those of any combination of capital that aims at monopoly.

It is desirable that a decision by a competent court be given on these propositions. If organized labor is exceeding its legal fructions, labor leaders should know it, that they may revise their plan, whereas if it is moving wholly within its right, and a court so decrees, criticism of the methods employed will be less insistent. As long as these questions are open ones, friction between capital and labor is unavoidable.

WORK AT THE HAGUE.

If The Hague tribunal were to adjourn today, the delegates could return to their respective countries and report progress merely. The amount of practical work accomplished is trifling indeed, unless we account that work practical which has to do with determining alignments. Joseph Choate referred regretfully the other day to the fact that while the delegates had made small headway in ameliorating the evils of war, they had done absolutely nothng to prevent war.

But it is not an altogether hopeless case. In the skirmishing for position on the minor propositions, American delegates have gradually acquired an influence greater than that of any other delegation. On almost every question advanced by them, they are accorded earnest support from unexpected quarters.

So while several weeks ago it seemed useless to urge the establishment of a permanent peace tribunal, Mr. Choate encouraged by more recent events, has already brought the matter squarely before the delegates and is urging a vote on it. Representatives of other nations are ably seconding his efforts and while the question may be laid over for future consideration, there is a prospect that the American advocates will carry their point. The expense of the tribunal, which is to be in continual session, will be large and it is Mr. Choate's contention that this should be borne by the various countries in order that petitioners may have an equal chance. That is, this great international court should be open to rich and poor alike.

It is to be hoped that the American representatives at The Hague will win out in this discussion. The institution of a permanent tribunal is the one great object sought, for it means a nearer approach to universal peace than the world has yet attained.

TAFT IN COLUMBUS.

It was good American doctrine that Secetary Taft preached last night in Columbus to the Republicans of Ohio—a doctrine teeming with patriotism, broad in its conception and promising much in the way of fulfilment.

Some of the secretary's auditors were no doubt disappointed because he did not say something concerning his candidacy or issue a defiant note to Senator Foraker, but the thoughtful men in that magnificent meeting must have breathed the atmosphere of the hour and felt as the speaker seemed to feel that candidacies were intrusions on matters of national interest, the methods of settling which should be first considered.

The secretary discussed chiefly the Hepburn rate bill and the tariff. He defended the former against the assaults of the critics, and he reiterated his faith and belief that the time for revision of the latter was close at hand.

In considering the rate bill, the Secretary made reply, impersonally, of course, to Senator Foraker. He explained why the Elkins law has been invoked instead of the Hepburn law, and showed how the Elkins law had amended the interstate commerce bill so as to save violaters from imprisonment. This Elkins law, the secretary declared, had the support of the railroads, and he might have added with candor, is claimed by Senator Foraker as his creation. But the secretary took direct issue with the senator when he upheld the constitutionality of the Hepburn bill. His argument in brief is this: Congress has the right to fix rates, but obviously has not the time to perform the work, hence it delegates this duty to another body "under proper legislative limitations and rules of decision." State courts have reached this conclusion, and while the supreme court has not been called upon to determine the status of a federal commission created in like manner, the secretary expressed confidence that such opinion, when delivered, would sustain his contention.

On the question of the tariff, Mr. Taft was no less explicit. He is for tariff revision and for revision by the Republican party. But because political exigencies might affect discussion during a presidential campaign he proposes that the work shall be taken up immediately after the election and the Republicans in national convention shall pledge themselves to that program. The secretary said he stood squarely for the principle of protection, but this is not necessarily involved in the demand for revision. When rates were higher than our purely protective policy demands, they should be reduced.

But the speaker did not confine himself to a discussion of the nation's future policy. He reviewed the work of the administration in respect to its campaign of reform, and defended the President against those critics who claimed that he (the President) was striking at random and lending encouragement to socialism. Said Mr. Taft:

It is not true that the President is engaged in a raid against all corporations. It is not true that he proposes to rip up past transactions, when by reason of the injury to innocent purchasers such a course would do more injustice than good. His only policy and sworn duty is to prosecute, with the fullest vigor, the corporations and individuals whose flagrant violations of the laws make it necessary to do so, in order that complete reform may be effected in our buiness methods with respect to the evils which I have described.

The speech was remarkable for its range, for its lucidity, for its patriotic tone and for its utter absence of anything that might be construed as a "bid for personal support." It was as if Bill Taft was baring his soul to his own people.

A TIMELY QUESTION.

Georgia has joined several of her sister states of the south in enacting a law which practically disfranchises the colored voters. Of course the law is in direct conflict with the constitution of the United States, but as the supreme court has refused to interfere the southern states are emboldened to take such action.

The newspapers of the states which have such laws as the one recently enacted in Georgia, are frank in their declarations that the intention is to keep the colored voters from exercising the right of suffrage. There is no attempt to conceal the direct reason for such enactments, and there is no reason for so doing, as the cause is apparent to all.

As the supreme court does not deem it has jurisdiction over such enactments, it would seem there is one way open for congress and for the two political parties. The representation in congress should be reduced to correspond with the eligible voting population, and the south should be shorn of its numerical strength in national conventions and in the electoral college.

This problem needs an early solution, and the southern states, by their acts of nullification, are making it a timely question.

A REMARKABLE CURE.

John D. Rockefeller took a gloomy view of things right after Judge Landis had assessed a fine of nearly $29,000,000 against the Standard Oil company. That was natural, but foolish.

And it was natural, too, perhaps, for Mr. Rockefeller to attack the man who started things which led to the fine. That man, of course, is President Roosevelt. Except that he had conceived a notion that laws were made to be enforced, there would have been no attempt made to dissolve the Northern Securities Co., no investigation of trust methods, no expose of frenzied financiering.

Just what we would be doing now, it is difficult to say. If the vast program prepared by the Hills and the Harrimans and the Morgans and the Rockefellers had been carried out, the men who were on the inside, would still be plucking melons from the national domain and cutting them up among themselves. They would be growing rich as rapidly as the majority of us would be growing poor. This process of wealth-concentration could not continue always. If it were not checked in time it would absorb everything in the country—all the money, all the business and all the power. We would be living in a veritable oligarchy for nothing is more arrogant than wealth and nothing more oppressive than poverty.

Happily the man of the hour appeared. He found a remedy for the evils that threatened the very existence of the government and he applied it. The cure is not yet complete and the road to recovery has not been without its thorns. But he is a dull or biased American who cannot see an improvement in the condition of the patient. Many of those who at first caviled are beginning to see the efficacy of the President's treatment. Only a few of the Rockefeller stamp who were hardest hit, refuse to be honest with themselves. But even they will, because they must, adjust themselves to the new conditions.

The great Pacificator of the world has become the Great Physician of his country.

FORAKER AND THE RATE LAW.

In defense of his vote against the Hepburn law, Senator Foraker has repeatedly stated that not a single prosecution has been begun under it, and that the Elkins law, which has been utilized by the government in its regulation of corporations, is found to meet every requirement. Inasmuch as the senator had much to do with the making of the Elkins law and fought the Hepburn law to the last ditch, his purpose in praising the one and denying the efficacy of the other is all too apparent.

But the interstate commerce commission refuses to let the senator's statesments go unchallenged. The Hepburn law went into effect a year ago next Tuesday, and the commission claims for it:

First—It has brought about equalization of rates.

Second—It has reduced many tariff rates.

Third—It has had a moral effect upon railroad administrations which has resulted in their conformation to rates and practices of law.

Fourth—It has ended rebates.

Fifth—It has done away with a great many discriminations which have been as injurious as rebates to the unfavored shipper.

Sixth—It has insured the adoption of a uniform system of accounts and bookkeeping which, when perfected, will throw light upon railroad administration and permit small investors to exercise intelligent judgment when intrusting their money to the promoters of great railway enterprises.

During the first year of the law's operation 353 formal complaints have been filed, most of which alleged unjust charges, while the others sought to do away with illegal switching charges and alleged discriminations. Ninety-one decisions have been reached, and in 47 cases the charges have been sustained. Nearly every complaint lodged with the commission involves a vast amount of labor, and it is said that the commission is almost swamped with the work which is piling up.

In every decision where the commission finds that unjust rates have been levied, the public is assuredly benefited. Every discrimination that is eliminated means advantage to shippers in general. It may mean, also, a direct advantage to the railroad, for obviously if it grants a special privilege to an individual shipper, it is a loser to the extent of that special privilege, and gains when the privilege is denied.

Senator Foraker may be able to show that the people of Ohio have not benefited by the Hepburn law, but it is highly improbable, and even if it were true up to the present time, that is not proof the bill is ineffectual. If the commission has succeeded in equalizing tariffs even to a limited extent, the people as a whole have benefited, and Ohio must be counted in for a share.

But really we do not imagine Senator Foraker cares a rap whether the Hepburn law helps the people or not. What he is concerned with chiefly is, what effect will his negative vote on that measure have on his political fortunes? And on this point he is forever seeking to throw dust in the eyes of the voters. He is defending himself on his own brief and ignoring the brief of the people. He says that no president can tell him how to vote, and in most of his speeches he is posing as one who is suffering because he refused to take orders from the White House. The people of Chio do not expect, nor have they asked him, to blindly follow the Roosevelt program. But through their accredited representatives, they did instruct him to support the Hepburn bill.

A very great majority of Ohio citizens believed that some such measure should be enacted for the public good, and that their senators might not misrepresent their wishes, spoke through the Ohio legislature. Senator Foraker ignored this request, and at first was very indignant that anyone should presume to tell him his business. But by the time he reached Canton he was tamed to the point where he was willing to acknowledge that he owed something to his constituents. Since then he has tried to make it appear that the opposition to his attitude is wholly owing to the fact that he disagreed with the President.

The senator's present course is an enigma to the great majority of his friends, for it seems like the course of one who is determined to have his own way or destroy everything in his path. He isn't a candidate for the presidency, but he is standing in opposition to Ohio's only candidate. Recently he implied that another term in the senate would be acceptable to him, while he is engaged in fomenting a factional quarrel, which, if continued, must force his retirement from political life.

TAFT ON THE WING.

Secretary Taft's itinerary takes him to Japan, the Philippines, Russia, Germany and France and when he lands in New York several months hence, he will have encircled the globe.

Before he sets sail on the Pacific, he will have left with his countrymen many thoughts for their reflection. He is an avowed candidate for the presidency. He has been one of the parts of an administration that has defended the interests of the people. In a large measure he is responsible for the policies pursued. And he sees no reason nor demand for an apology for those policies.

As the people have indorsed the work of President Rosevelt so will they indorse that man who is pledged to carry it on. Secretary Taft's speech in Columbus gave him the commanding position in the race for the presidency. The frankness of that speech, the utter exclusion of self in his discussion of the administration's campaign, and the comprehensive manner in which he treated affairs of the nation, have drawn to him a mighty host of Republicans who have been standing aloof, waiting for the sign which should determine their allegiance. They find in him a good man, a wise man, a conservative man, and a patriot, and these are the qualities which they desire in their candidate for president.

Secretary Taft is not on a pleasure trip. The people can rest assured that during his brief stop in Japan, he will strengthen the good opinion of that nation for our people; that the Philippines will esteem more highly their guardian because of his coming, and that in Russia, Germany and France he will sow the seeds of a more fraternal spirit in the fellowship of nations.

And another thing is certain. The American people need not be alarmed lest Bill Taft on his tour around the world pick up any doctrine quite as radical, socialistic and impractical as the government ownership of railroads.

HENRY FRICK'S PLEA.

If Mr. H. C. Frick only could induce President Roosevelt to look through the Frick spectacles, how quickly the financial atmosphere would clear!

Mr. Frick is not a pessimist like Rockefeller. On the contrary he sees little cause for business apprehension. Conditions are not abnormal. Money is close because there has been a world-wide expansion of trade and everybody wants money. But prosperity is with us yet and as long as the farmer is blessed with big crops and the laboring man has plenty of work at living wages this country will get along very well.

Mr. Frick, however, is worried in another direction. Some of his business chums have strayed from the path of rectitude and have been caught in the act of wrongdoing. Others are suspected and have been placed on the rack. Apparently the guilty have no friend at court and are trembling in fear of the punishment that awaits them.

Mr. Frick comes forward in the role of friend. He would plead for mercy and it is a novel plea he makes. He urges Uncle Sam to take pity on these unhappy financiers. He suggests, instead of a punishment the divine judgment: "Go and sin no more." They have been doing wrong so long that really they have grown careless in their immunity and have furnished the evidence for their own condemnation. Mr. Frick would have the government consider this fact as a plea in extenuation. If, when leniency has been extended, the culprits break the law, they should be shown no consideration. As we understand the situation, Mr. Frick offers this proposition, not in the interest of the convicted or suspected individual, but as a relief to general business conditions.

But why not, with as much reason, and more humanity, extend this principle to every malefatcor? Why not issue general amnesty and throw open our workhouses, our jails and our prisons, and say to the emancipated: "Go and sin no more." We can well imagine that Mr. Frick would balk at this. Turning loose hordes of criminals of all degrees on the community would be a dangerous experiment indeed, and yet, if we are through with special privileges and are going to admit that hereafter opportunity must be equal, we cannot sponge off that part of the slate containing the records of wealthy criminals and leave intact the scores that are in process of expiation. And mercy for one should be mercy for all, but will Mr. Frick consent to that?

Besides the hardship imposed on these guilty corporations and officials is as nothing compared with the hardship of the man who is clothed in stripes. Uncle Sam proposes to collect in the way of fines only a very small part of the loot that has been taken from the people. Only in very few cases has there been any restraint of liberty.

It strikes us that a sense of justice should impel Mr. Frick to advise his guilty associates "to walk up to the captain's desk and settle." That would be the fairest way out of it, and would relieve the situation mightily.

CITIES AND THE MONEY MARKET

No better proof of the condition of the money market is afforded than the fact that the city of New York, the financial center of the nation, finds itself unable to float a 4 per cent bond and on the advice of Mayor McClellan, the sinking fund board has authorized the payment of 4½ per cent interest on all bonds except those taken by the board itself and by the Rapid Transit board.

When the market is easy, New York municipal bonds bearing 4 per cent interest bring a premium, and inasmuch as there is no provision for a short-time emergency issue, it will be seen that the present stringency means a considerable increase in the cost of municipal maintenance.

Nor is New York the only city to feel the effects of present conditions. Failure of the Toledo Board of Public Service to float a bridge bond issue, and the more recent experience of Auditor Bacon in borrowing money for sidewalk improvements, show conclusively that there is no idle money in local institutions.

In a recent interview, discussing the financial situation, Jacob Schiff, the prominent New York banker, suggested that merchants and manufacturers should follow the example of railroad managers and curtail their business until the market recovers its equilibrium. Will this not apply with even greater force to cities which really have a wider latitude than private commercial enterprises? Is it not a good time to cut off needless expense and thereby reduce the borrowing necessity to a minimum?

HOPING FOR A WORD.

Chicago Democrats are hoping, through the medium of the national committee, to smoke out William Jennings Bryan. Chicago is bidding for the convention, but it fears that with Bryan in complete control, he will switch the big gathering to some other city for the reason that Chicago is not bubbling over with enthusiasm for the Peerless One.

Ever since Bryan undertook to teach Roger Sullivan his duty as a Democrat, there has been a growing revolt in Illinois against the Nebraskan. Sullivan, it will be recalled, is a member of the national committee, but Bryan claims there is a taint to the title, and hence personally advised him to retire. This impertinence brought a tart reply, from the effects of which Mr. Bryan has not yet recovered.

But the Democrats of Chicago don't intend this little political duel shall deprive them of the honor they seek. They have invoked the aid of Folk's friends to help them out, and as the program is designed to place Bryan on record, mutual advantage will be derived. The Missouri governor has a little bee buzzing in his bonnet. He knows he won't cut much of a figure if Bryan tries to be the whole show, while should the latter eliminate himself, the Folk boom might assume dimensions. Several members of the national committee are friendly to Folk, and if these can be lined up for Chicago, it is thought Bryan will be compelled to anounce his position.

The most remarkable evidence of weakness of the Democratic party is this confession that before anything can be accomplished Bryan must be consulted. Even as courageous a man as Watterson admits that Bryan, the man who has done more than any other Democrat to disrupt the Democratic party, can and probably will, dominate the next national convention. Yet how quickly life could be galvanized into that party were Bryan to announce his retirement!

NO SIGN OF YIELDING.

It would be a sad day for this country if Standard Oil could direct the policy of the national administration.

There have been repeated efforts on the part of men who rule in Wall street to drive President Roosevelt from his position.

Raids have been made on the market and money withdrawn from circulation, the obvious purpose being to frighten the people, that they should no longer support the administration.

As soon as Judge Landis assessed the fine of millions against the Standard, that hitherto silent corporation became demonstrative. First one and then another of its officials spoke for the company. Each and every one pleaded its innocence in face of the fact that it had just been found guilty by a jury. They denied that a fair trial had been afforded it. The government was prejudiced, and finally, if any wrong had been done, it was not intentionally done.

And between these protestations could be heard the hammer, hammer, hammer on the anvil of alarm.

Yesterday at Provincetown, President Roosevelt replied to those managing the compaign of disaster. Instead of backing down, he backed up every subordinate of the administration who has a share in the work of reform. If anyone imagined that political exigency could force the President to retreat, he must, after reading this latest message, admit his error. For President Roosevelt has not yielded an inch of ground. Corporations that are drawing illegal profits from the pockets of the people must be punished. The many devious processes by which this species of robbery is effected must be eliminated from corporate life, and the responsible individuals made to suffer in proportion to the wrongs they have inflicted.

The President did not talk like one nursing a feeling of vindictiveness, but rather as a physician who, finding his patient critically ill, was brave enough to give heroic treatment. Honest corporations, men who are employing capital legitimately have nothing to fear from the prosecutions under way. Innocent stockholders of corporations that have been managed in defiance of law will be protected in every possible way, buut the practices complained of must cease. The law is on the statute books for a purpose and will be vigorously applied in the accomplishment of that purpose.

The attitude of the administration in this particular matter should be endorsed by every patriotic American citizen. We all know conditions cannot long prevail whereby the wealth of the country is being rapidly concentrated. The aim of the administration is to check this movement to the degree that it is in defiance of law, nothing more. There is no desire to interfere with legitimate business, but, on the contrary, by suppressing illegal acts, to give legitimate business greater latitude of operation.

FRANCE, THE POLICEMAN.

The French are ready to swear that "a policeman's life is not a happy one." That nation is responsible to the world for order in Morocco and she is finding the task a prodigious one. With two sultans and Raisuli stirring up trouble, it would seem that nothing short of extermination will force the fanatical Moors to behave themselves. And Germany can view the spectacle with a keen sense of humor, for it would seem that the joke is on France.

CORTELYOU'S PLAN OF RELIEF.

Secretary of the Treasury Cortelyou, in modifying the plan of his predecessor to relieve the money market, thinks he has found a way of checkmating the speculators. Former secretaries have furnished relief by dumping large amounts of government currency in financial centers, and this sudden relaxation of a strained situation brought the inevitable reaction which stock gamblers anticipated and profited by.

Mr. Cortelyou announces that he will make a weekly deposit of government funds in different cities, the amount to be based on information from his experts as to the crop movement. That is, it is Mr. Cortelyou's purpose to distribute the relief in a manner that will prevent violent fluctuations, but will none the less be effective at the period of greatest need.

The plan seems plausible enough, and the only wonder is that it did not suggest itself to other secretaries.

Men who expect to be candidates for office next year may as well begin right away to refer to him as "Bill" Taft.

The trusts wouldn't so much mind President Roosevelt's habit of saying what he thinks if he would only think differently.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT NOT AT FAULT

Henry Clewes, Wall Street Banker, Gives Cause of Shrinkage in Values.

Henry Clews, the well-known Wall street banker and member of the New York stock exchange, has this to say as to the real cause of the shrinkage in Wall street values:

New York, August 24, 1907.—The shrinkage in Wall street values has already exceeded $3,000,000,000. This is largely due, not to President Roosevelt's policy or his actions in connection with corporations; for similar disturbances have taken place in London and elsewhere. English consols, for instance, are lower today than they have been in the history of the nation. As a matter of fact, we have had in this country too much prosperity for several years, causing an overdoing in all channels of work, construction and speculation. In other words, there has been too much business for capital, credit and transportation. Values had become inflated, and in the meantime there were many evidences of corporate dishonesty which shocked confidence by the revelations that cropped out from time to time. Mr. Roosevelt's policy has been forced upon him by these developments. While the penalty now being paid may be bitted for the excesses that have taken place, the situation will be a sounder one in the end and all interests will be established on a more conservative basis. Great prosperity has forced upon corporations a larger amount of business than they had the ability to handle, hence the flooding of the market with securities to obtain the means to meet the emergency and the excessive issues from that source. It is plain to be seen, therefore, that those who blame Mr. Roosevelt for all our troubles are in error. Actual conditions have been mainly responsible. We have been confronted with conditions, not theories.

Secretary Taft's strong endorsement of the President's policy and the President's own speech are strong and sufficient evidence that the President cannot be budged from his attitude against the violators of the interstate commerce laws by clamor or criticism; and I suggest that, rather than to violently oppose the President, it will be well for the corporation magnates and managers to fall in line, and let the President and the public understand that they will strictly obey the interstate commerce and the Sherman anti-trust laws. They might as well accept the inevitable, for it is plainly evident that he will not change, and the statute laws should be observed. There has been great misunderstanding and much exaggeration as to the intention of the government officials. All that they propose to do, as far as can be ascertained, is to compel great corporations to respect the law in the same manner as the humblest citizen. When public hysteria has subsided, the effect of past agitation and present action will result in higher standards of corporate management and a keener sense of honor and responsibility. Let the stockholders of the various corporations join hands in demanding the punishment of the guilty individuals without causing the suffering of innocent investors and Mr. Roosevelt will accept them as allies in his work of reform. Big money fines punish the innocent stockholders and depreciate values, since they threaten confiscation; while imprisonment of the guilty would enhance values, lift our national reputation to a higher plane, put our securities on a more reliable and honest basis and restore confidence at home and abroad.

The monetary situation, though far from being satisfactory, is gradually improving. No doubt liquidation has enforced sufficient contraction in loans to materially strengthen the banks and enable the latter to finance the crop and the large business demands of the interior. All accounts from the interior are encouraging. As a result of average crops and profitable prices, there is every prospect of a good market this fall for all staple products, even if the stringency of the money market should enforce a curtailment of new enterprises and speculative operations. There is no doubt that the country would be better off for a moderate recession in general business, so that tension might be relieved and affairs return to the normal; for Wall street is still the storm center and, while the end has apparently not yet come, the financial situation has been much bettered by the decline to a lower and safer level. There is more or less uneasiness in London, Paris and Berlin, where much the same difficulties are being faced, though less intense. Overdoing is also at the bottom of foreign troubles, and the same cure must be endured, that of liquidation. The Bank of England, although it did not advance the bank rate this week, is showing unusual caution, and the foreign demand for gold at this time is suggestive. Considering our own position, it does not seem likely that we can afford to part with any large amounts of gold at this season. We ought to be able to place future grain and cotton bills more freely just now; since it is certain that Europe must take these products in large amounts and pay us good prices for the same. At the same time our imports have been running very heavy, thus offsetting the large excess of exports which has favored us for several years and making it easier for Europe to take our gold.

The credit situation just now is one that calls for calm judgment. A wave of hysteria has passed over the street that should be overcome and beaten down. The country is not on the verge of ruin. It is suffering from various excesses and needs a period of diminished activity for recuperation. The liquidation cure is painful but inevitable, and when completed the patient should come out of its present state in good health. Those who control the purse strings should be calm and self-poised, giving assistance when needed to concerns of proved soundness and earning capacity and rigidly withholding it from those which are unstable and unduly speculative.

PLANT MILLIONS OF TREES

Work of the Past Year on Up-State Forest Reservation.

The planting time on the state forest reservation for the year has closed and operations in the field are suspended, although a corps of men is maintained at each of the three nurseries. Beginning in 1905 the state has planted on barren tracts several million trees. On one plantation alone, that on the line of highway three miles north of Paul Smith's, the state has planted a million young trees, of which 300,000 white pine were brought from Germany.

At Lake Clear is planted a forest of 300 acres, while another toward Saranac lake embraces 400 acres. On the two there have been planted upward of 5,000 trees of each of the following varieties: White pine, Scotch pine, Douglas fir, European larch and black locust. They range in age from 2 to 4 years, and thrive so well that only about 10 per cent have been lost, either in the long droughts of the summer or the cold weather of the winter.

Near Saranac lake, on the Lake Placid road, is a new forest planted by the state commission. The work was begun in 1905, when 100,000 trees were set out, and the plantings of each year since have been 100,000 trees.

The plantations of the forest are along well traveled highways and attract the attention of tourists who journey through the region either in a motor car or a coach. The ground on which the planted forests stand was denuded waste, cleared by repeated forest fires until it became as clear of logs as a cultivated field. Tall ferns or brakes had grown each year from the soil, and here and there a few popular trees had started from seed carried by the wind, and cherry trees from seed carried by the birds. Left to itself, however, it would have been hundreds of years before the land would have been reforested, and then only with poplar and wild cherry.—Utica Press.

Making Tinfoil.

Tinfoil, which is extensively used for wrapping tobacco and other articles of commerce, is a combination of lead with a thin coating of tin on each side. It is manufactured in the following way:

First, a tin pipe is made. This pipe is then filled with molten lead and rolled or beaten to the thinness required. In this process the tin coating spreads simultaneously with the lead core and continuously maintains a thin, even coating of tin on each side of the sheet of lead, even though it may be reduced to a thickness of only one-thousandth of an inch or less.

Hidden Treasure in Bible.

"It's awfully dangerous," said he, "hiding your money away in a book, but if you must, hide it in a Bible. Nobody ever looks in a Bible, you know. Once I was visiting at a house and happened to pick up an old Bible lying on the table and turned the leaves over carelessly. What was my amazement to see drop out from between two pages a $20 bill. My hostess was not less amazed. She couldn't remember putting it there. She thought it had perhaps been put there by her grandmother, who had long since died."—New York Press.

Conreid's Compliment.

An actor told the other day a graceful story about Heinrich Conried.

"At a reception," he said, "the loss of the various senses was discussed, and a young woman, a grand opera singer of considerable beauty, said to Mr. Conried:

"'Which would you rather be, deaf or blind?'

"Smiling and bowing gallantly, the great manager answered:

"'Deaf, madam, when I am looking at you, and blind when I hear you sing.'"—Washington Star.

Unjust.

"My father don't appreciate music."

"How do you know?"

"He doesn't like to hear me sing."

"Do you convict him on such evidence as that?"—Houston Post.

CURRENT EVENTS

The Khedive of Egypt is going to London for a brief visit.

The great cotton mills at Fall River, Mass., weave 1,500 miles of cloth per day.

A flow of 50 gallons of water a minute will irrigate fifty acres.

Governor of Alabama gave railroads till Oct. 1 to comply with the new rate law.

Southern Railway company reduces its semi-annual dividend from 2½ to 1½ per cent.

English delegates to socialist congress expelled from Germany for attack on Hague body.

In ten years John D. Rockefeller has derived $104,530,609 in dividends from Standard Oil.

New half mile trotting record for 3 year old colts on half mile track at Frankfort, Ind.

Speeches of President and Secretary Taft revealed close understanding on big national questions.

Paul Barth, deposed mayor of Louisville, Ky., committed suicide; friends say he was hounded to death.

Dust raised by automobile causes fatal malady, and Long Island farmers are roused to bitter antagonism.

Victim of Pleasant Prairie, Wis., powder mill explosion on his deathbed makes a will leaving property to sweetheart.

The Episcopal Diocese of Chicago has started to complete the $100,000 fund required to make the diocese self-supporting.

The United States has 260,000 school buildings, in which 460,000 teachers are at work teaching nearly 18,000,000 children.

Former Governor Taylor offers to return to Kentucky under certain conditions and stand trial for the murder of William Goebel.

Great Britain accepted proposal of United States to submit Newfoundland fisheries dispute to The Hauge tribunal.

Chicago will receive $1,350,000 annually from the traction companies under the settlement ordinance, according to official estimates.

It is announced that a seven-foot vein of a fine quality of coal has been discovered near Valdiva, Chili, at a depth of 100 feet.

Prince Wilhelm, of Sweden, is astounded at Newport's wealth and says he would be glad to trade a couple of palaces for one of its "cottages."

Records of false weights and measures used in New York city show that the people are cheated out of $13,000,000 a year by their use.

Efforts to induce Gov. Hughes, of New York, to accept second place on ticket with Taft not abandoned by President Roosevelt.

The Indian government is endeavoring to popularize tours to the Himalayas. The number of tourists is increasing perceptibly every year.

Up to a few years ago the dentists of Japan pulled teeth with their fingers. Forceps and other instruments are now being generally used.

Walter Cutler, a 10-year-old boy who was kidnaped four years ago, escapes from gypsy captors and finds grandmother in South Chicago.

Maj. Gen. Greely, in annual report, declared poor pay and food and lack of canteen were chiefly responsible for army desertions.

According to a report from Kabul, the Ameer is erecting pillar boxes and is introducing postal facilities. A new stamp has been recently issued.

The most valuable crop in the Philippines is hemp; rice comes next, followed by tobacco. The export of Manila cigars amounts to nearly $1,000,000 a year.

A great-great-grandson of George Washington's brother, Samuel, Capt. Mervyn C. Buckley, is now on duty as an army engineer at Puget sound.

Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton, noted alienist, of New York, asserts firm belief in the sanity and mental vigor of Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy as result of examination.

While making a demurrer to President Roosevelt's trust policy, Secretary Root falls in collapse; is hurriedly taken to a rest cure, where, under vigorous treatment, he is recovering.

Vice-President Spencer, of the Southern railways, reiterates statements at rate hearings that transportation in North Carolina costs three times as much as on other portions of the road.

Out of every 100 makers of artificial flowers in New York city, seventy-four are under fourteen years old. New York city makes four-fifths of all the artificial flowers used in the United States.

The gold production of the world in 1906 put the total at $405,000,000, an increase of nearly $20,000,000 over 1905. In Africa alone the increase was $21,000,000. The United States, with a total of $96,000,000, made an increase of $8,000,000.

The Chilean government has purchaser 25 heavy American locomotives to be used on the heavier grades of the state railways. They are found to give better service than the English or German engines.

Secretary Cortelyou announces that he will not wait for the monetary stringency to become acute, but will commence making weekly deposits of government funds to relieve the market during the crop-moving season.

William Jennings Bryan advocates compulsory arbitration of labor disputes in joint debate with Senator Beveridge in magazine, and urges both capital and labor not to "kill the goose that lays the golden egg" for both.

Of the great cities, New York has the smallest ratio of population to the acre. Its 3,176,000 inhabitants have an area of 208,866 acres (by far the largest city territorially in the world), so that there are 18 people to an acre.

Chicago & Alton railroad passes to the control of the Clover Leaf. By the change Edward Hawley gets revenge on E. H. Harriman and the Rock Island interests escape prosecution by the government for controlling a competing line.

Turning back of Dr. E. G. Hirsch at the Russian frontier on account of his being a Jew will probably induce the state department to renew its effort to secure equal treatment for all Americans in Russia, regardless of their creed.

Great Britain controls 19.42 per cent of China's exports and 47.34 per cent of her imports, or about one-third of the celestial empire's total foreign trade. Next in importance, according to Chinese official reports, are the United States and Japan.

Two German bacteriologists claim to discovered an effective serum against typhus fever. It is obtained from horses, and, as the result of many tests carried out independently in Berlin, Vienna and Prague, it has been shown to assuage the fever, regularize the pulse and arrest diarrhoea. The names of the bacteriologists are Meyer and Bergell.

Lord Kelvin, who has the distinction of having occupied a chair in a university longer than any professor living and who won great fame before being elevated to the peerage as Sir William Thompson, has had innumerable honors conferred on him in England, France, Germany and the United States. He is now in his 84th year, but shows no signs of diminishing activity or lack of intellectual power.

The historic flag which inspired Francis Scott Key to compose The Star Spangled Banner when it floated over Fort McHenry, in Chesapeake bay, during its bombardment by the British on the night of September 13, 1814, has been placed on exhibition in the Smithsonian Institution, at Washington. The flag is the property of Eben Appleton, of New York, but he has lent it to the government. It is about 28 by 30 feet, and will be draped on the wall in the hall of history of the institution, where is can be viewed by the thousands of visitors.

A DEAL IN BANANAS.

No lika da skeeny olda man
Dat come to dees peanutta-stan'
Today an' buy da wan banan'.
He mak' me seeck!
Eef evra customer ees go
For maka treecks an' talka so
Like heem, you bat my life, I no
Gat reecha queeck.

Wal, deesa man he com' an' say:
"How moocha for benan' today?"
An' so I tal heem right away:
"Eees two for fi'."

"Oh my! I mus' be gatting deef
Or you ees talka like da tief"
He say to me an' look as eef
He gona cry.

"Eees two for fi'," I say agen.
He shak'

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

FROM THE LATEST PARIS AND NEW YORK STYLES

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

No. 1984—Misses' Bolero Jacket. This pretty bolero would develop well in white cloth or linen with applique lace. 4 sizes—14 to 17 years.

No. 2005—Ladies' Tucked Eton. This new style of tucked Eton is becoming to most figures, and is suitable for any material. 5 sizes—32 to 40.

No. 1524—Ladies' Seven-Gored Skirt. This seven-gored circular model would make up successfully in almost any material. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

No. 1790—Ladies' Thirteen-Gored Skirt. This graceful model would develop well in Panama, mohair or lightweight serge. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

No. 1843—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist. This little tucked waist of Delft-blue linen is a departure from the more conventional models. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

No. 1516—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist. A beautiful model in rose colored chiffon taffeta with all-over lace yoke is here shown. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

No. 1604—Misses' Yoke Waist. Plaid silk and all-over lace are attractively combined in this smart looking waist. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

No. 1949—Misses' Fancy Waist. A beautiful little waist for summer evening gaieties suitable for any soft material combined with lace. 2 sizes—13 to 17 years.

No. 1486—Misses' Seven-Gored Skirt. This new skirt would be suitable for linen or light woolen materials. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

No. 1959—Misses' One-Piece Skirt. This smart skirt will develop well in serge or sicilliene, and is also suitable for washable goods. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

No. 1828—Girls' Apron. Mothers will welcome this little apron of white madras or lawn. It is easily made at home. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

No. 1606—Girls' Dress. A simple, smart frock for home or school wear, suitable for all serviceable dress goods. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

No. 1435—Ladies' Tucked Waist. This is a stylish model for taffeta and other silks; also for other dress goods. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

No. 1810—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist. This useful model may be made of any of the shirtings, tartan ginghams or linens. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

No. 1851—Ladies' Tucked Dressing Sack. This pretty model is of pink silk gingham, with Dutch neck trimmed with Venise banding. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

No. 1995—Ladies' Box Plaited Dressing Sack. A compromise between a shirt waist and a negligee is this model in pink cotton voile. 3 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

No. 1793—Girls' Dress. Pretty bretelles and a Gabrielle front are the features of this frock, suitable for various occasions. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

No. 1811—Girls' Jumper Dress. This dainty dress would develop well in dark blue serge with pipings of bright red. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

No. 1895—A Smart Empire Frock. This stylish frock in pale buff batiste is trimmed with bands of German Val. insertion. 4 sizes—11 to 17 years.

No. 2009—Ladies' Skirt. This is an excellent model for Persian lawn, or linen; or any thin woolen materials. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

No. 1845—Ladies' Coffee Jacket. This dainty negligee may be made of flowered pink challis, or any other thin material. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

No. 1655—Misses' Tucked Jumper. This is an easy garment to make and can be made elaborate by trimming or hand embroidery. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

No. 1762—Misses' Cooking Outfit. This useful outfit may be made of butcher blue linen or plaid gingham. 5 sizes—9 to 17 years.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

No. 1979—Ladies' Jumper. This new style of jumper offers an opportunity for hand decoration in painting or embroidery. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

No. 1934—Ladies' Jumper. This pretty jumper has a novel feature in the motif of Cluny lace applied across the front. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

No. 1361—Misses' Eton Jacket. This smart model may be made for independent wear, or to match a skirt. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

No. 1365—Misses' Shirt Waist. A smart waist for golf or tennis, suitable for mohair or any thick washing material. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

The Blade Churn

Something new in covers. A drop steel forged cover—will not split, warp or break. You could drive over it with a horse and wagon and not break it. No wood to split, twist or warp. No cast iron to crack, spring or break. In fact it is indestructible. Every cover fits perfectly. No leak. There is no other churn like it on the market. We will ship these churns by freight to our subscribers on receipt of prices named below. (We do not pay freight.)

Six-gallon churn by freight, and copy of Weekly Blade one year $3.25

Ten-gallon churn by freight and copy of Weekly Blade one year $4.00

Regular retail price of six-gallon churn is $5.00, and it weighs 31 lbs. Regular retail price of ten-gallon churn is $6.00 and it weighs 36 lbs.

Remit by P. O. or Express Money Order or registered letter. We will not be responsible for remittances made in any other way. Address all orders to

THE BLADE . . . . TOLEDO, OHIO

WOODRUFF FOR TAFT'S RUNNING MATE?

Former Lieutenant Governor Pines for the Place and Talks It Over With Roosevelt.

Oyster Bay, August 24.—The mysterious visit of ex-Lieut. Gov. Timothy L. Woodruff here Thursday has started a rumor that he is to be a candidate for vice president on the Taft ticket next year. According to a state politician who was here a few days ago, Mr. Woodruff is pining for the job and has put the proposition fairly up to the President.

At his last visit to Sagamore Hill, Mr. Woodruff talked over the political situation of New York state with the President, and the two are said to have reached the conclusion that from now on Taft sentiment is to be worked up strenuously and Gov. Hughes discredited as much as possible.

It was Mr. Woodruff who made the proposition that he be allowed to go on the Taft ticket as vice presidential candidate, in return for his influence in furthering Taft sentiment in the state. He slipped into Oyster Bay on a yacht just at dusk, took Mr. Loeb aboard, and the two landed at the President's dock and made the trip up the hill through the woods on foot. He left the same way.

CONGRESSMAN CRITICISES GOVERNMENT

McCall Says Rate Bill Will Augment President's Powers Beyond All Limit.

Marshfield, Mass., August 22.—Congressman Samuel McCall today delivered an address at the Marshfield fair, in which he criticises the activity of the administration toward big corporations.

After commenting on the $29,400,000 fine imposed against the Standard Oil Company, Congressman McCall said.

"The question suggests is, why were not old laws enforced rather than new ones demanded? The practice in government of expending the maxium amount of noise and disturbance to secure the minimum of good, may be diverting, but it is costly.

"Economically, an industrial crisis at this time would be senseless and wanton; but we should already have had one if our prosperity had not been well nigh invulnerable. There is a likelihood, too, that the step that has been taken will some day lead to the ownership of railroads by the government on the principle that he who fixes the price of a commodity will ultimately own it.

"The effect of the rate bill will be to augment the executive power beyond all rational limits.

"The tendency of the times appears to be first to centralize all power at Washington and then to have it all exercised by one man. But I say let the people keep, to be exercised under their very eyes, all the governmental powers not necessary to national unity and safety, and let them adhere to representative government. If you have a government by representatives chosen with reasonable fidelity you will have a government by the people."

TAFT HAS STRENUOUS DAY IN MISSOURI

Delivers Three Speeches in Vicinity of Joplin — En Route He Is Greeted by Enthusiastic Crowds.

Joplin, Mo., August 26.—Secretary William H. Taft delivered three speeches in Joplin and vicinity today. The secretary reached Joplin last night after an all-Sunday ride, escorted by a committee of Joplin citizens that had gone to Oklahoma City to meet him. En route he was greeted by three hundred citizens at Claremore, I. T., who were at the station as the train passed through, and at Tulsa there was another enthusiastic crowd on hand. Although the arrival in Joplin was late, there were 1,500 persons at the station here.

Secretary Taft secured a good night's rest and started the day greatly refreshed. He delivered his first speech in Joplin this morning, addressing a throng and talking principally on the trusts and rate legislation. The city was crowded with visitors, who had come from various parts of Missouri and from across the line in Kansas.

Later Secretary Taft was escorted to Webb City, a nearby mining town, where after luncheon he delivered his second speech. Along the trolley line between the two cities he was cheered by good-sized crowds, made up in part of zinc miners.

Early in the afternoon the party went to Carthage, Mo., the county seat of this (Jasper) county, where Secretary Taft spoke the third time.

Lion Rends Trainer While Audience Flees in Panic

Cleveland, O., August 26.—Young Wallace, a performing lion in Heberling's animal show at the White City, leaped upon the back of Captain James F. Briggs, its trainer, as Briggs turned to leave its cage at the conclusion of the beast's performance last night. While the audience fled panic stricken, there followed a fearful battle between the man and the brute. Briggs was hardly alive when pulled from the cage.

When the great tawny brute leaped through the air as Briggs fumbled with the catch to the cage door, and bore the trainer to the floor, the spectators were filled with horror. They sat mutely by for a miunte, too frightened to move. But when they saw Briggs' flesh rend and his blood flow under the sharp fangs of the lion, they rose to their feet and began a wild rush to get outside, to the open air, anywhere to blot out the terrible spectacle.

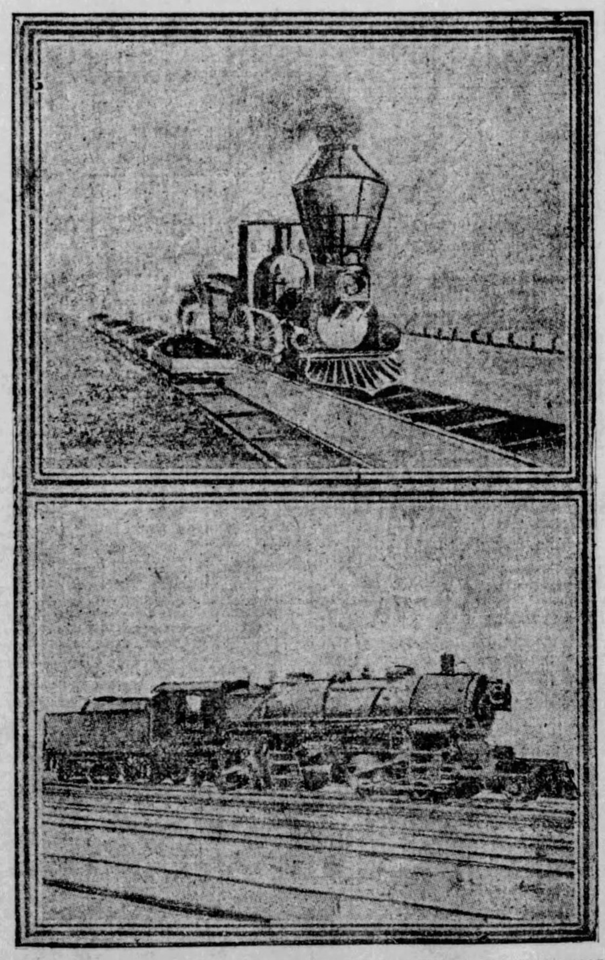
Strong men fled in a frenzy of fear as Briggs alternately cursed and screamed under the attack of the frenzied brute, a man killer, which two years ago truly earned its title by killing a trainer. Women and little children were swept down and trampled upon in the mad rush. When the ampitheatre was cleared, two women were found unconscious on the floor. They had fainted.

Attendants, firing blank cartridges full into the face of the man eater, searing his hide with red hot irons, worked five minutes before they could drive the maddened Young Wallace from his prey. May, a young lioness in the same cage, nervously paced the far end of it as the other tore and scratched at the body of its trainer. Briggs was bleeding from head to foot when dragged out; eight ragged wounds were torn in his flesh.

Briggs had completed his act, called "The Fight for Life," when the lion, known as Young Wallace, suddenly began to lash the floor of the cage with its powerful tail. The brute's teeth were bared and its breathing seemed as whistling in the hushed arena. Revolver in hand, Briggs backed carefully toward the small safety cage opening off the performing cage from the audience.

For a second he fumbled with the fastening. It would not give. He fired two shots in rapid succession at the crouching lion and turned his back for an instant. With a roar that seemed to shake the roof the lion launched its body through the air at Briggs. The next instant he was on the floor, the angry lion snarling over his face pallid with fear. It took five minutes for assistants to drive off the lion and rescue the badly lacerated trainer.

A CONTRAST IN SMOKESTACKS



THE LOCOMOTIVE OF 1846 COMPARED WITH THE OUTPUT OF 1907.

The earlier American locomotives were extraordinarily clumsily shaped machines. They had a vast smokestack, a huge cowcatcher, and the arrangement of the wheels gave the engine a very ramshackle appearance. The 250-ton Mallet locomotive is the largest in the world. It has been built for the Great Northern railway of America, and is specially designed for mountain haulage.—Illustrated London News.

TREATY DISREGARDED

By Palma Government, Says Magoon.

Washington, August 21.—The war department yesterday made public a long cabled report from Governor Magoon, of Cuba, which startled the medical officers, showing that in the short period since the withdrawal of the American government of intervention and the reassumption of the American government by the Cuban army of pacification, there had been a woeful neglect of sanitary precautions and an almost complete disregard of treaty obligations under which the Palma government was pledged to keep the islands clean.

The governor's report also discloses the fact that fever in the last outbreak had not been confined to the hospital corps men, but extended to other soldiers. It also indicates that evil sanitary conditions cannot be cured this year in spite of most vigorous efforts on the part of American authorities, in which it appears they received little support from the native Cuban physicians.

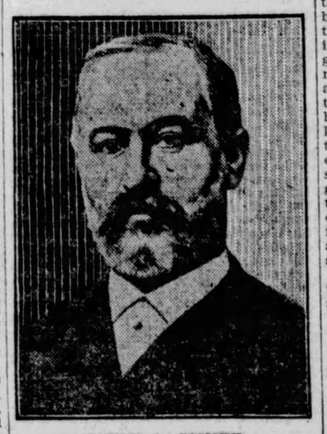
CAN'T BLAME ROOSEVELT

For Present Business Conditions, Declares Schiff.

Temporary Reduction in Our Activities the Only Remedy for State of Affairs.

Bar Harbor, Me., August 22.—Jacob H. Schiff, of the international banking house of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., who is in Bar Harbor, on being asked to express his views upon the existing financial situation made this statement:

"To blame the federal administration for the difficulties in which we find ourselves is both thoughtless and unjust. Even if the excesses which the great prosperity of recent years has had in its wake had been permitted to continue unchecked, before long a situation would have developed probably far more difficult and serious than the crisis through which we are now passing.



JACOB A. SCHIFF.

Result of Development.

"In the first instance, it is a result of the tremendous railroad, industrial and commercial development of the last ten years which has brought about capital requirements largely in excess of the ability of the country to supply. Europe, finding itself in a similar position to the United States, has been unable to extend us any considerable credit or to place at our disposal surplus funds, such as has been its wont to invest so largely in American securities in times of depression.

"Moreover, it has been to a great extent overlooked that the Russian-Japanese war and the San Francisco earthquake have destroyed an enormous amount of wealth, which, sooner or later, had to make itself felt. Nor has the fact that both Japan and China have now entered into competition for the surplus capital of the world been given sufficient attention.

"No other remedy for this state of affairs appears to be possible than at least a temporary reduction in our activities until the country's capital and credit facilities have again reached a point sufficient for the volume of business.

Necessity Not Recognized.

"I believe railroad managers in general have already recognized the necessity for curtailment, but manufacturers and merchants appear to be behind in this. The sooner these two recognize the imprudence of continuing at the present pace, the more certain they will save themselves from loss and the nearer we shall come to the end of the present unsatisfactory state of affairs."

MRS. RYAN NOW COUNTESS

Pope Pius Honors Wife of New York Financier.

New York, Aug. 23.—Information has reached here from Rome that Pope Pius X. has bestowed the title of countess on Mrs. Thomas F. Ryan, wife of the well-known financier, in recognition of her charities and benefactions to the church. The title, it is understood, was bestowed last December, but the fact did not become publicly known till now.

WHAT IT IS

Composition of the Famous Food.

A wide spread interest has been created among good livers, as to the composition of Grape-Nuts, the food that has become popular and famous the world over.

It has long been known to physicians, chemists and food experts, that the starchy portion of entire wheat and barley flours is transformed into a true and very choice sugar, by the act of intestinal digestion in the human body. This sugar is identical with, and is known as grape-sugar, and it is in condition for immediate transformation into blood and the necessary structure from which the delicate nerve centers are built up.

A food expert followed a line of experiments until he produced the food called Grape-Nuts, of which grape-sugar forms the principal part, and it is produced by following Nature's processes in a mechanical way. That is, heat, moisture and time are the methods employed and directed by scientific facts gained in research.

Grape-Nuts food is probably entitled to the claim of being the most perfectly adapted food for human needs in existence. Certain it is that the user's delight in the flavor and the perfect action of intestinal digestion during the use of Grape-Nuts is satisfying, and the added strength of body confirms the fact. "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

TAKE A YEAR TO PAY

WE'LL ship you a single article or furnish your home complete and give you from *twelve to fourteen months in which to pay for your purchases.* You enjoy the full use of the home furnishings while paying for them.

HOMES FURNISHED BY MAIL ON CREDIT

We furnish homes on credit all over the United States. We charge absolutely nothing for this Credit accommodation—*no interest—no extras of any kind.*

22 Great Stores. This great concern is positively the largest home furnishing institution on earth and handles more goods than any other store or combination of furniture stores in America, none excepted. It enjoys buying advantages which enable us to sell you home furnishing goods at *lower prices than any other firm in the business.*

Satisfaction or your money back. This concern has been known since the beginning, way back in 1855, as a concern of *absolute and unquestioned reliability.* You have our reputation of 52 years standing and our absolute guarantee, backed by a capital of two million dollars, to insure you of thorough and complete satisfaction in all your dealings with us.

BIG CATALOG, No. 45, FREE. It is a large and beautifully illustrated catalog of over 200 pages, showing a wonderfully extensive line of Furniture, Stoves, Crockery, Carpets, Rugs, Draperies, Sewing Machines, Refrigerators, Go-Carts, Clocks, Silverware, etc., illustrated very elaborately in colors. Write for it today.

SEND US 75c and we will ship you this SOLID OAK ROCKER, No. A65, extra large and massive, beautifully carved, upholstered in Nantucket leather, comfortable spring back, back tufted, wide leather straps and oxydized brass bolt tions, ruffled from t

It's a magnificent rocker—no ornamental chair—but a remarkable value—a world beater at the price.

Terms: 75c cash and 40c per month until paid. Price only $4.89

HARTMAN FURNITURE & CARPET CO.

223-225-227-229 Wabash Ave., Chicago, U. S. A.

GRAFT SAVED A SENATOR

Sensational Turn in Pennsylvania State Building Scandal.

Philadelphia, August 22.—A special from Johnstown, Pa., says:

James M. Shumaker, former superintendent of public buildings and grounds at Harrisburg, who is implicated by the reports of the capitol investigation commission, has declared that he will make full confession of all he knows in connection with the capitol scandal.

He claims that the manipulation of funds was engineered by a high official of the state at Harrisburg to cover up a shortage in the state treasury.

Shumaker lives at Johnston and when he was subpoenaed to appear before the capitol investigation commission to tell what he knew he pleaded illness and remained secluded in his house. Now he is apparently ready to divulge important secrets when the trials begin in September. Shumaker's statement given out by one of his closest personal and political friends, is as follows:

"I am going on the witness stand to tell everything. I will not keep back a single secret, and when I get through I will show that a man high in official life at Harrisburg ought to go to the penitentiary. I have committed no wrong. The probers may be after me, but I will go after the man they are protecting. I will not spare him. I am going to tell everything I know. I do not propose to suffer for the sins of a scoundrel who knew of the colossal graft but refused to stop it, as I urged. I know what the graft was for, that it was to cover a treasury shortage, and save the name of a former United States senator from Pennsylvania, now dead. I am anxious to go on the stand and the sooner the better for me.

"I want to get myself right before the people, for, so help me God, I am an innocent man."

Home Seekers Attention Join our colonies in the Hardwood belt and Red Clover region of Menominee Co., Mich., where fine lands can be bought on easy terms, from $8.50 to $15 per acre. Convenient to railroad and sugar factory where farmers get $5.25 per ton for beets. For particulars call or write to THEODORE SCHUBERT, 254 Cherry St., Detroit, Mich.

BY U. S. MAIL Send 15 2-cent stamps and I will mail to you one box of Spaid's Roach Powder, guaranteed sure death to bedbugs, roaches and all insects. C. E. SPAID, druggist, Toledo, O

POSSE FIRES ON POSSE

Each Thought Other a Crowd of Moonshiners.

Washington, August 23.—Commissioner of Internal Revenue Capers today received a telegram from Internal Revenue Collector Surber at Greensboro, N. C., dated today, saying:

"Deputy Collector Hendry, with posse from Raleigh, N. C., and Deputy Collector Henry, with posse from Durham, met at a moonshine still last night. Each took the other for moonshiners and fired on each other. Deputy Marshal Gordon was mortally wounded and Deputy Collector Henry and two posse men were seriously wounded."

Commissioner Capers telegraphed instructions that no expense be spared in caring for the wounded.

FRAU VAN BREDOW DIES

Daughter of Senator Newlands, of Nevada.

Berlin, Aug. 22.—Frau Frances Von Bredow, daughter of Senator Francis G. Newlands, of Nevada, and wife of Lieutenant Leopold Von Bredow, of the cuirrassiers of the guard, formerly an attache of the German embassy at Washington, died here yesterday after a long illness.

The funeral will occur at the Von Bredow residence, in Berlin, tomorrow, and the burial will take place Saturday at the family seat of the Von Bredows.

MUSICAL DOG FIGHT STIRS UP TOWN

Phonograph Grinds Out Yelps and Snarls While Atwood Stands Guard.

Waterbury, Me., August 22.—Yelps, growls, barks, snarls, squeals of dogs, and shouts of men, "Eat him up, Buster!" "Sic him, Tige!" continue to emerge from Edson Atwood's house at Woodbury.

Mr. Atwood's phonograph, with the record of a dog fight in it, continues to issue persistent and awful warning to all Woodbury dogs that will bite and, incidentally, keep the town awake.

Mr. Atwood's children were playing with Rod Tuttle's poodle dog, Sunday.

"I wish you would keep your poodle away from my children. I'm afraid it will bite them," said Mr. Atwood to Mr. Tuttle, his neighbor.

"No well-bred dog ever bit anything," retorted Mr. Tuttle, tartly.

The answer nettled Mr. Atwood. One word led to another and Atwood, furious, parted from Mr. Tuttle, exclaiming, "I'll show you whether a well-bred dog ever bit anything"

Hurrying home, he started his phonograph with the record of a dog fight, which he happened to have. He kept the phonograph going. For hours on Sunday Woodbury sounded like a kennel, a dog-pit or Constantinople with its hordes hungry mongrels. At midnight a crowd of boys and young men, encouraged by the sleepless inhabitants, stoned Mr. Atwood's house. He chased them, but caught nobody.

Atwood came here yesterday and bought four horse-pistols. Then he consulted a lawyer as to how to protect his children, his home and his phonograph. The lawyer told him he could carry the pistols if he did not conceal them. Mr. Atwood today is promenading Woodbury's main street, four pistols in his belt, in western style, as seen in melodrama and magazine pictures.

The musical dog fight goes on.

UNION OF THE AMERICAN CONTINENT

Into One Group at International High Court of Justice Is Plan of Choate.

The Hague, Aug. 26.—The American proposition concerning contractual debts is now ready for submission to the examination committee of the peace conference, General Horace Porter having introduced the desired changes, including those recommended by the Latin-American states. Dr. Drago (Argentina) is receiving congratulations on the proposition, for it is believed that it will now more closely resemble the Drago doctrine.

Joseph H. Choate is working on a new plan for the allotment of judges for the international high court of justice, under which the representatives of the United States and those of all Latin-American countries will form one group.

This plan, it is believed, will dissipate any feeling arising from the previous proposed allotment over the lack of equality of any state in the representation of the court.

This union of the whole of the American continent, it is considered, would be of great importance not only in the establishment of the court, but as a great political move, rallying around the United States as it would all the states of Central and South America. Such a plan would insure to the court the immediate adhesion of 21 countries.

REMAIN UP ALL NIGHT TO HEAR TAFT

Other Oklahomans, Unable to Get Accommodations, Sleep in Doorways—Opens Campaign Tonight.

Oklahoma City, Okla., August 24.—Secretary of War W. H. Taft is today the guest of Oklahoma City, and tonight in a speech at the convention hall he will sound the keynote of the campaign of the Republican party for supremacy in controlling the new state of Oklahoma. The greatest crowd that this city has ever known thronged the streets and filled the hotel lobbies and places of business today. Many visitors, unable to be accommodated at the hotels, remained up all night or slept in doorways.

Mr. Taft was met at the depot by a committee of Republicans and driven to a hotel, where he immediately went into conference with leaders of his party in Oklahoma. During the conference local conditions, upon which the secretary expects to touch in his speech tonight, were discussed. After the conference, Secretary Taft was taken for an automobile ride around the city.

This afternoon a monster parade, with Mr. Taft as the principal figure, passed along the principal streets.

THE HOME IS THE SPHERE OF WOMAN

And All Married Women Should Work There, Declares Cardinal Gibbons.

New York, August 23.—"The woman who does not work is an incubus on society," said Cardinal Gibbons yesterday. The premier prelate of America, who is spending the summer with Rev. Father O'Hara, at Southampton, L. I., spoke emphatically. An interview was sought with Cardinal Gibbons to take issue with a statement he made last week concerning woman's sphere.

"The more woman invades the domain of man the more will her social and moral status be lowered," he said. Yesterday he had this to say:

"Every woman should work. There is room in the world for parasites, but," he added, "married women should work in the home.

"I give woman great credit for her advancement in industrial pursuits. I do not speak of her industrial activity, which I approve. I referred to her efforts to enter political life and of the tendency of some married women to neglect their husbands and their homes for clubs.

"Women," continued the cardinal, "have shown their fitness for certain pursuits. As stenographers and typewriters, as saleswomen, bookkeepers and cashiers, they have become invaluable. What would we do without them, indeed? But their work is not an invasion of man's domain.

"Nevertheless, woman's sphere is the home, and married women should find their work in caring for their homes and husbands and children.

"A girl works in a factory until she marries," he continued, "but marriage is the aim of her life. It should be. To love and care for a family is woman's destiny. There is strong competition between the factory and the home, but the home must win."

TO VISIT "BIG DITCH"

Committee Will Make a Personal Investigation.

Believed Congress Will Provide Legislation to Allow Work to Proceed.

Washington, Aug. 26.—The examination on the ground of the estimates for the appropriations for continuing work on Panama canal submitted by Secretary Taft for the fiscal year 1907, is to be made by members of the next congress, who will have charge of the preparation of sundry civil service bill in which the appropriation for the canal in incorporated.

This is the outcome of the suggestion from Representative James A. Tawney, of Minnesota, chairman of the appropriations committee in the last congress, who was at the isthmus following the adjournment last March. He believes it will be to the best interests of the service as well as to those directly and indirectly in charge of the administration of the forces at work there if the members of the appropriations committee having in charge of the preparation of the sundry civil bill go to the isthmus with the estimates for the next fiscal year and consider them carefully with the officials having supervision of expenditures for all kinds of work being done.

The suggestion has met with a hearty response from those identified with the commission's work, who believe that a great deal of good will result from a heart-to-heart talk between the congressmen who prepare the appropriation and the officials who spend it and that it will clear away in advance any misapprehension or misunderstandings that may exist as to the justness and propriety of allotting the money estimated to be necessary for the year's work.

Of particular importance is the proposed visit regarded at the present time when the question is now before the President whether the commission can lawfully expend during the present fiscal year any more money than was specifically appropriated, Colonel Goethels having reported to the authorities in Washington that the work has progressed so rapidly that it will be in the interest of true economy to exceed that amount to the extent of $8,000,000 and by reason of which he thinks a year's time will be saved in the completion of the great waterway.

Officials here think congress may, as a result of the observations of the members of the appropriations committee who go to the isthmus, see fit to provide legislation under which work may proceed regardless of the appropriations, if this authority does not already exist.

The committee will leave New York November 5 and return to Washington in time for the opening of congress in December.

JAPAN'S NEW BATTLESHIP

Will Be One of the Most Formidable in the World.

Glasgow, August 21.—The Japanese government has placed an order for an eighteen thousand ton battleship with the Fairfield Ship Building company. The new vessel will be one of the most formidable armored ships of war afloat. A feature of her construction will be the extreme width of beam.

FIRE CAUSES PANIC ON A BIG LINER

Frederick der Grosse, With 1,500 Passengers Abcard, Was Ablaze in Mid-Ocean.

New York, August 23.—Fifteen hundred passengers on the big ocean greyhound Frederick der Grosse, which reached New York yesterday, were thrown into a state of wild panic Monday night when a brisk fire broke out in the ship's laundry.

The 200 first-class passengers who were in the dining saloon at the time, rushed pell mell to the main deck in great confusion, while the members of the crew fought back the one thousand men and women in the steerage, who attempted to stampede to the main deck.

Three hundred second class passengers made their way to the quarters of the saloon's complement and begun to adjust the life preservers while some of the minor officers lowered the lifeboats.

Captain Bleecker, who was in charge of the vessel, hastened from the bridge and calling some of the crew immediately brought several hoses to play on the blaze. The flames shot out on the starboard side and added to the great excitement which it seemed impossible to allay.

The situation was intensified by the cries of women who ran to and fro on the three decks of the vessel screaming for help. Others in the mad confusion ran to their state rooms and locked themselves in.

After the sailors had played their hoses on the blaze for fifteen minutes it was discovered that the fire was in thirty packages of laundry, and the officers went about the ship endeavoring to calm the excited ones. The engines of the big vessel were kept on at full speed, and Captain Bleecker told the passengers there was not the slightest danger.

For fully half an hour the blaze burned and was extinguished at a loss of less than $200.

The cause of the fire was not learned.

Rural Carrier Is Fined for Using Battery on His Horse

Milwaukee, August 23.—Because he used an electric battery on his horse to make him go fast, Jacob Rapp was fined $1 and costs yesterday on complaint of the humane society.

Rapp is a rural mail carrier and is fond of going at a good clip. A year ago Superintendent Clayton, of the humane society, warned him never to use his whip on his horse. Rapp then got a battery, attached it to his horse, and whenever he thought the steed needed a little ginger, he turned on the battery. That is why Rapp could cover his route faster than any one else in the service.

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY.

Whilst Thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And' may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

MONDAY.

If your cup is small, fill it to the brim. Make most of your opportunities, of honest work and pure pleasure.

TUESDAY.

Seek to cultivate a buoyant, joyous sense of the crowded kindnesses of God in your daily life.

WEDNESDAY.

Live to some purpose, make thy life
A gift of use to thee,
A joy, a good and golden hope,
A heavenly argosy.

THURSDAY.

Seek your joy in what you give and not what you get.

FRIDAY.

Be good, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things nor dream them all day long,
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

SATURDAY.

Our biggest, blackest troubles are often only the locomotive drawing our richest treasure train.

TWO STORIES

Here are two little stories which are filled with meaning for those who care to look for it. The first, taken from The Golden Windows, a book of fables by Laura E. Richards, is about angels.

"Mother," said the child, "are there really angels?"

"The Good Book says so," said the mother.

"Yes," said the child; "I have seen the picture. But did you ever see one, mother?"

"I think I have," said the mother; "but she was not dressed like the picture."

"I am going to find one," said the child. "I am going to run along the road, miles, and miles, and miles, until I find an angel."

"That will be a good plan!" said the mother. "And I will go with you, for you are too little to run far alone."

"I am not little any more!" said the child. "I have trousers; I am big."

"So you are!" said the mother. "I forgot. But it is a fine day, and I should like the walk."

"But you walk so slowly, with your lame foot."

"I can walk faster than you think," said the mother.

So they started, the child leaping and running, and the mother stepping out so bravely with her lame foot that the child soon forgot about it.

The child danced on ahead, and presently he saw a chariot coming towards him, drawn by prancing white horses. In the chariot sat a splendid lady in velvet and furs, with white plumes waving above her dark hair. As she moved in her seat, she flashed with jewels and gold, but her eyes were brighter than her diamonds.

"Are you an angel?" asked the child, running up beside the chariot.

The lady made no reply, but stared coldly at the child; then she spoke a word to her coachman, and he flicked his whip, and the chariot rolled away swiftly in a cloud of dust, and disappeared.

The dust filled the child's eyes and mouth, and made him choke and sneeze. He gasped for breath, and rubbed his eyes; but presently his mother came up, and wiped the dust with her blue gingham apron.

"That was not an angel!" said the child.

"No, indeed;" said the mother, "nothing like one!"

The child danced on again, leaping and running from side to side of the road, and the mother followed as best she might.

By and by the child met a most beautiful maiden, clad in a white dress. Her eyes were like blue stars, and the blushes came and went in her face like roses looking through snow.

"I am sure you must be an angel!" cried the child.

The maiden blushed more sweetly than before. "You dear little child!" she cried. "Some one else said that, only last evening. Do I really look like an angel?"

"You are an angel!" said the child.

The maiden took him up in her arms and kissed him, and held him tenderly.

"You are the dearest little thing I ever saw!" she said. "Tell me what makes you think so?" But suddenly her face changed.

"Oh!" she cried. "There he is, coming to meet me! And you have soiled my white dress with your dusty shoes, and pulled my hair all awry. Run away, child, and go home to your mother!"

She set the child down, not unkindly, but so hastily that he stumbled and fell; but she did not see that, for she was hastening forward to meet her lover, who was coming along the road. (Now if the maiden had only known, he thought her twice as lovely with the child in her arms; but she did not know.)

The child lay in the dusty road and sobbed, till his mother came along and picked him up, and wiped away the tears with her blue gingham apron.

"I don't believe that was an angel, after all," he said.

"No!" said the mother. "But she may be one some day. She is young yet."

"I am tired!" said the child. "Will you carry me home, mother?"

"Why, yes!" said the mother. "That is what I came for."

The child put his arms round his mother's neck, and she held him tight and trudged along the road, singing the song he liked best.

Suddenly he looked up in her face.

"Mother," he said, "I don't suppose you could be an angel, could you "

"Oh, what a foolish child!" said the mother. "Who ever heard of an angel in a blue gingham apron?" and she went on singing, and stepped out so bravely on her lame foot that no one would ever have known she was lame.

The second story is about slander. It is an old tale told of Philip Neri, a saint who lived in the sixteenth century.

One day a woman presented herself to Philip Neri, accusing herself of being a slanderer. "Do you frequently fall into this fault?" he inquired.

"Very often, father," replied the penitent. "My dear child," said Philip, "your fault is great, but the mercy of God is greater. For your folly do as follows: Go to the nearest market place and purchase a chicken, just killed, and still covered with feathers. You will then walk a certain distance, plucking the bird as you go along. Your walk finished, you will return to me."

Accordingly she went to the market, bought the fowl, and set out on the journey, plucking it as she had been ordered to do. In a short time she returned, anxious to get at the gist of things.

"Ah," said Neri, "you have been very faithful to the first part of my orders; now do the second part, and you will be cured. Retrace your steps, pass through all the places you have traversed, and gather up one by one all the feathers that I had you scatter."

"But, father," exclaimed the poor woman, "I scattered the feathers on every side; the wind carried them in myriad directions. How can I recover them?" "Well, my child," replied he, "so it is with your words of slander; like the feathers which the wind scattered they have been wafted hither and thither into infinity. Call them back now if you can. But go and sin no more."

THE COZY CORNER

A WAR-TIME STORY.

Today the Cozy Corner is opened with a war-time story written from the experience of a veteran. We are glad to have it, as it lends variety to our meeting.—Ed.

Ladies:—After the battle of Perryville, my regiment was guarding the express trains from Bowling Green to Nashville. I bought the morning paper, read the headlines, and then took out my pencil and wrote these words at the upper end of the paper:

"J. M. Brown, Co. F, 12 Ky. Inftry, Bowling Green, Ky."

When we arrived at Nashville I forgot my paper and left it in the car. In about eight days I received a letter. It said this: "Sir:—I got your paper on the train. I wish to say, write me a full description of yourself. I wish to sorrespond with a soldier to learn the soldier's life and ways. If your description suits, I will reply."

Here is what I wrote: "Born July 17, 1845. Weight 125 pounds. Heavy built, dark hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. I was going to school, but joined Co. F, 12 Ky. Inft., Oct. 1st, 1861."

We started a correspondence. She was born in 1840, had black eyes and hair, a fair complexion, weighed 118 pounds. Her father was dead. She was living with her mother and teaching school. She wrote so pleasantly, I finally told her I wanted to meet her. She replied: "Yes, I would be greatly pleased to meet you, and we are certain to meet if we do right. Our Creator has prepared a home for us and the door is open, and when we meet, we separate no more. I am doing all I can to get there. My dear friend, do all you can to meet me there. In my prayers I speak your name to God. Remember me in yours."

When I read the letter I scratched my head and studied, but I caught a long breath and went on. The letters kept coming, sweeter and better. At last I told her it was true I had never met her, but I loved her. I could not help it and did not care who knew it. She wrote in return:

"My Dear Friend:—Love is like charity, it should begin at home. One should love oneself better than anyone else. The gentleman who does this will never be under the influence of liquor, or take part in games of chance. He will speak of no one unless he speaks well of them. He will never call God's name unless he asks Him to bless, then he will never cease to be loved. I will love you then as well as you can love me."

I carried on the correspondence with this lady until the war was over. I went home in September, 1865, with two honorable discharges in my pocket. God bless her soul, her influence controlled me and brought me out safe. We passed through her town in the march. I stopped to see her. She acted like my sister. I married a lady I was writing to soon after the war. She was with me for fifteen years. Five years after her death I married another. I have her yet. The girl with whom I corresponded married a doctor in 1868. They went west and when last heard from were doing well.

Perhaps, in the future, I will tell you of the hardest scrape I got in during the war, and there was a woman in it, too.—Grandpa.

A HOME PICTURE.

I have been reading the letters of the Cozy Corner and have found them very interesting. I live near a very pretty little village in the lower part of Michigan. I wish the friends of the Cozy Corner could come and visit it for a day, and see the many pretty views we have. There is a river running through the town, which is the means of running a large factory and flour mill.

I have a very pretty home. In front of the house are some locust trees, a large lilac bush, some snowdrops and periwinkles. At one side of the house is a pretty evergreen hedge, and on the other side is a large apple orchard.

My mother and I do the housework for seven, and it keeps us very busy doing the sewing and other work. We try to attend church and prayer meeting every week, and sometimes we take our sewing and go to visit a neighbor in the afternoon. When I think of all the opportunities I have here I wouldn't live in town for any money.—Rebecca T.

CHRISTMAS WINDOW GARDENS.

A correspondent writes that now is the time to begin the Christmas window garden if we wish to have one. Here are her directions:

Having measured your windows, two boxes should be ready not later than the middle of August. These should be at least a foot deep. If a carpenter makes the plain box, to your measures, they should not cost over seventy-five cents each. Green is the usual color in which they are painted. I would suggest a rich pink or a wine, warm colors looking best indoors. You may place the boxes out of doors on some old table until the cool weather suggests taking them in. Fill one with common garden soil to which a little sand has been added. In this place single tulip bulbs secured from a reliable florist. Set on your table, and water once a week. In September water every other day, and plant slips of some trailing vine around the edges. When you have taken your box indoors, never let the soil get dry.

For your other box róot slips of pink verbena in August, and between your slips place pips of lily of the valley. Water enough to keep soil fresh. This will furnish two pretty and inexpensive window boxes.

A strong root of lilac, transplanted now to an ordinary wooden bucket, cutting back a little and watering occasionally with liquid manure, will give you a fine little shrub in early January.—A Flower Lover.

THE PIN MONEY QUESTION.

After some complimentary words for The Blade, which are much appreciated, "A Happy Farmer's Wife," gives us her experience with the pin money question. Regarding this she writes:

I have never written to you before, but when the arucle on pin money appeared, with a request for the opinions of farmers' wives on the subject, I felt I should like to give my experience. I am a farmer's wife living in the beautiful Empire state—New York, not far from the famous St. Lawrence river. I think the farm is the ideal place to live. I would be very sorry to have to exchange for the city. In regard to the pin money question, I am never lacking for money. My husband goes to our nearest city every two weeks in summer, and every three weeks in winter to deliver our butter. We make the milk of fifteen cows into butter. At night when he reaches home and is looking over his day account book, he calls me and says, "would you like this?" I thank him, and take from his hand a five dollar bill. Sometimes he gives me ten. Scarcely ever, less than five.

I imagine I hear some one say, "O, whose husband, she tells me, never gives her any money. She goes without everything possible. The Bible says: "Husbands, love your wives and be not bittter against them," and if it would not be the gall of bitterness to ask your own husband for what you earn, I am ignorant in the matter.

AN APPRECIATION.

I take it that we all like to be appreciated and will "you all" excuse me if I put in a word of commendation for the writers of the Cozy Corner.

In issue of your paper of June 13, "It Isn't Raining Rain to Me, It's Raining Violets," is a fine quotation.

The "A Walk in the Country," by Emman Vance, is an admirable composition of nature's beauties. I can't ask your time or space to tell how much I like your Household and Young Folks. I am a Union veteran in my 70th year, gray haired, but young hearted. Your proposition to establish a new department named the Poets' Corner is cozy enough for me.—Old Vet.

THE ART OF ECONOMY.

I have just finished reading the letters in the Cozy Corner and enjoy them so much. I think the good advice, the many different ideas on housekeeping are very valuable. I was please with Nervy's letter. I am glad there is more than one woman who knows the art of economy. There are many ways in which we can save money if we will but try. I think it is our duty to take care of that which our husband earns by hard labor. There is nothing that seems worse to me, than an extravagant woman, one who does not care for anything. I have heard it said that a woman could throw more out of the window with a spoon, than a man could throw in at the door with a spade. I have almost seen it proved in some families.

I think there is nothing that becomes a woman more and should be her greatest pride, than to be a neat and saving housekeeper.—Arkansas Farmer's Wife.

INQUIRY.

Will someone please tell me how to preserve watermelon rind?—Mrs. R. P.

WITH OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We are pleased to acknowledge letters from Mrs. H. C. J., Mrs. X. Y. Z., Daisy Dell, Frances, S. S. Clepper, Kansas Jo, Ruth, Anxious Hetty and H. Greeley Miller.

Ruth:—Thank you for the stamps, but you need not have sent them. We were glad to forward the articles you wanted.

Ohio Pansy:—Your description of boxes for keeping clippings is not quite clear to the editor. Do you paste the tops and bottoms together with the strips of cloth?

Kansas Joe:—I think your problem is too complicated for our solving. The world is filled with inconsistiencies that cannot be explained. Try us again with something else.

Mrs. Albert B. H.:—I am sorry your letter did not come earlier. We have used several recipes for canning corn, beans, etc., so I shall keep your letter for future reference. Thank you.

In a personal letter to the editor Troubled Mother says: "I am no longer a 'Troubled Mother.' My daughter has decided to teach school at least two years before she is married. We have had a good talk together, and, I think, thoroughly understand each other. Please thank the many kind friends who took enough interest in my affairs to write letters of advice. I read them with much interest."

Nervy:—You did not respond to the call made for you last week. Kindly send your name and address to the editor of the Household page.

CONTRIBUTED RECIPES

Corn in glass cans.—To ten pints of corn cut from the cob, add one pint of sugar and one pint of salt. Mix well and let stand until water raises. Then boil 15 minutes. Can while hot in glass pint cans.—Mrs. H. C. J.

Lemon pudding:—One pint of fine bread crumbs; one quart of milk; one cup of sugar; yolks of four eggs well beaten; and grated rind of one lemon. Mix and bake. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add one teacupful of sugar, and the juice of the lemon. When the pudding is cold, frost with this and put in the oven to brown. It is very nice with cream, but is good without any dressing except the frosting.—Grey Wing.

Mock oysters or tomato soup:—One pint of tomatoes, canned or fresh. One large cupful of white codfish cut up fine; three pints of water; one tablespoonful of sweet butter. Boil twenty minutes. Add one pint of rich milk, and one and one-half teaspoonfuls of soda. Serve immediately.

Canned chicken:—This is one of the good things the farmer's wife should never be without. It can be prepared in various ways for the table, and is always ready for an emergency meal.

The best time for canning is in early winter. Your poultry is fat, you do not mind the fire all day, and the men are not too busy to help. My husband can dress a chicken almost as fast as I can and just as well.

One good sized Plymouth Rock rooster will about fill a jar. I always get new tops and rubbers. I take as many as I think we can handle one day, twenty being the most finished any one day.

I cook them in a clean wash boiler, seasoning with salt and pepper, and boiling until the meat will readily leave the bone. Remove bones, pack meat tightly in jars, filling with liquid from cooking, being sure to have oil enough to cover the top when cold. If there is not oil enough, a little butter will do. Put rubbers and tops on tight, wrap each jar in a cloth and return them to boiler. Cover over with water, and boil four hours. Let cool in water.

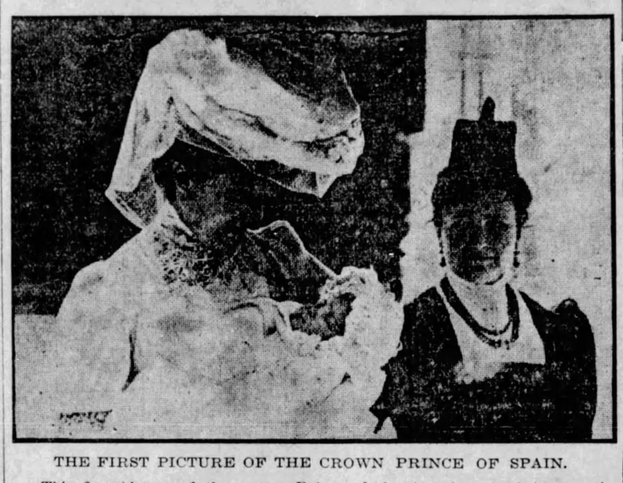
Some oil will cook out that will do no harm. The liquor left from cooking the chicken can be sealed, boiled, and kept for soups and gravies. When boiling the chicken, two or three old plates in the bottom of the boiler will prevent any from burning to the bottom and thus spoiling the flavor.

Beef is also easily canned for summer use.

I always save my flour sacks ahead of time to wrap my jars with when I can meats.—Mrs. L. H. B.

Peach Marmalade:—Use the parings of the peaches that were peeled for canning and the soft and specked fruit. Cover all this with cold water, put in a number of pits and cook all until mushy. Then rub through a sieve and return to the kettle, cooking twenty minutes, stirring frequently. Add half as much sugar as you have peach pulp and cook again until thick.—Mary Little.

Crown Prince of Spain



THE FIRST PICTURE OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF SPAIN.

This first picture of the young Prince of the Asturias, the heir to the throne of Spain, whose birth last May was made the matter for such general rejoicing in Spain, shows also the lady in waiting, the Countess del Puerto, in whose arms the prince is carried, and the child's nurse, who is standing to t he right of the picture.

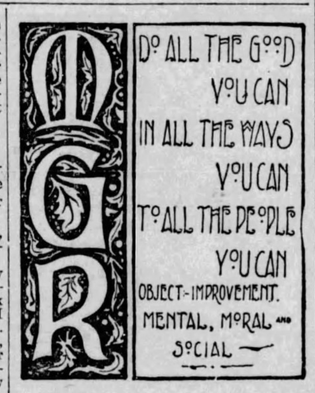
Since the birth of the heir to the throne affairs in Madrid seem to have progressed smoothly and the government possesses strength and confidence that few other events could have given it. The queen is more popular than ever and she is greeted with acclamations wherever she goes.—Metropolitan Magazine.

A Popular Writer

ZONA GALE.

Miss Zona Gale in the past few years has become one of the most widely read of our writers of short fiction. Her name frequently appears in the magazines, and she has one novel to her credit, entitled Romance Island, with another at hand.

Miss Gale began her career as a newspaper worker. She went to New York from Wisconsin and joined the staff of The World, where she soon made a reputation for herself as one of the best newspaper interviewers in the country. The amount of work which she turned out almost daily was astonishing even to veteran journalists, and she was able to write in the most difficult circumstances. On one occasion Miss Gale went to call upon the editor of a prominent magazine who had requested an article from her. He was engaged, and unable to see her for a half hour, but the young woman determined to utilize so valuable a period of her busy day by writing the article while she sat in the entry. Though typewriters were clicking all around and telephones were buzzing, she turned out a two-thousand word essay, which the editor for whom she wrote and waited, has declared is, in some respects, the best bit of work she ever did.



Today we will begin our entertainment with a descriptive letter from Indiana Wabash, who writes "we have sold the dear old home on the banks of the Wabash, and are now in the far northwest, beyond the Cascade mountains in Washington." The part of her journey she so pleasantly describes is from Pueblo to her destination.

I will try to tell you about my trip from Pueblo on. We see grand old Pike's Peak and Long Peak, with their snowy crests. For many miles our way is through the Arkansas river valley, crossing, recrossing, many times the foaming, boiling, roaring river. We reach the Royal Gorge. Standing on the back platform of our car, we have a fine view of this, one of the most wonderful works of nature. Imagine, if you can, the rocky cliffs of red, green, brown, gray and mottled rising on each side far above our heads, almost as high as eye can reach, hugging the track close on the left, while the boiling river is close on our right, with cliffs beyond the river.

Words cannot be found to describe the scene! The roar of the river is heard above the noise of the train. We cross the hanging bridge, a most wonderful piece of man's ingenuity. On we go, up Grand Canyon, and pass the peaks of Yale, Harvard and Princeton. Reach Tennessee Pass, 10,240 feet above sea level, at 8 p. m., and cross the Great Continental Divide, going through a tunnel one-half mile long near the top of the mountain. At 10 p. m. we retire to rest. At 2 a. m., July 13, sister awakens me, saying, "Look out of your window." We are at Glenwood on Eagle river. The sight presented to my sleepy eyes was well worth seeing. At daybreak we reach Grand Junction and are at the head of Grand Canon. We pass from Colorado into Utah. We are going up the Wasatch mountains. Green river, with foaming, dashing, chocolate colored water, is close to the track, first on one side and then on the other. Beautiful wild flowers are in abundance. Castle Rock looms high on our left. We reach Soldiers' Summit at the top of the mountains. We stop under a snowshed. It is raining. We hurry down the mountain side, for our train is hours late. We run along Utah Lake and Jordan river. We reach Salt Lake City at 3 p. m. We leave the train and go to a hotel; leave our hand baggage and go to the Saltair Beach depot, buy our tickets and at 4:20 p. m. start for Saltair Beach, a distance of eighteen miles. For miles we run through what was at one time part of the lake, through water and beds of pure white salt, on out into the lake. Here we find one of the most beautiful spots on the face of the globe. A large building, complete with bath rooms, restaurants, souvenir stand, dance floor, a merry-go-round, swings, rowboats and a steamer. The water on all sides, as clear as crystal, the salt bottom is in waves; the Wasatch mountains are in the distance. We spend about three hours gazing on the beautiful scene and then return to the city and retire to rest.

Earl Sunday morn, July 14th, we take a car for Temple Square. We see the beautiful temple, the Lion House, the Beehive, Eagle Gate and the statue of Brigham Young. We are fortunate in being admitted to the grounds an hour earlier than the gates are usually opened; also into the Tabernacle, a most wonderful building. It is very beautiful, and looks like an immense oblong bowl turned upside down on a high wall, not a pillar on the inside to support the roof. The inside is lovely and the surrounding grounds full of bright flowers and green trees. But we must hasten. We leave at 9:45 a. m. for Ogden, a pretty place at the foot of the mountains. At 2:25 p. m. we leave for Portland. We are going up Bear River Canon. The mountains of Utah are very beautiful and the valleys very fertile. At 5 p. m. we cross into Idaho. Lots of swamp-land, small lakes, sage brush, snowy mountains, high bluffs, which look like the rocks of all sizes had just been thrown down in heaps. Bright green valleys, fields of grain and hay, mountains whose sides look like immense slides. At 5:20 a. m. July 15, we cross Snake river and are in Oregon. High mountains on all sides. We pass the old emigrant trail. We wind in and out among the mountains, through cuts and tunnels, around curves and spurs; cross the Blue mountains and the Cascades; run into alkali dust at Echo, our faces are nearly blistered, and we almost choke ere we can lower the windows. Leave the alkali country at Hermiston. At Umatilla we come to the Columbia river, a very large, curious river, full of rapids and rocky islands. The river bank is composed of sand dunes, some thirty and forty feet high. I never before saw so much shifting sand. High fences keep it off the railroad.

We pass Manaluke Island and the Cascades, and see the locks. We see many falls, and go through many tunnels. At Heppner Junction I am told we are only a few miles from Heppner, the home of Oregon Bach. We leave the Columbia river. We cross the Williamette river from East Portland to Portland, where we arrive at 8:40 p. m. A friend of sister's meets us there, and we spend the night with her. July 16th, at 8:30 a. m. we resume our journey. Our way is along the Williamette river to where it empties into the Columbia. The scenery is lovely. The Williamette is a very large, beautiful river, full of woody islands. At 9:30 a. m. we reach the Columbia. Soon we cross it on a steam ferry and are in Washington. We leave the Cowlitze river, which is very low and a beautiful green in color; we pass through Castle Rock, cross the river at Oliqua, arrive at Winlock about noon. Here we leave the train, go to a hotel for dinner, then hire a carriage to take us to this small town, the home of my sister.

This is a lovely country, but my letter is already too long, so I will bring this to a close by saying that although far from the old Wabash, I am still Indiana Wabash.

I have been a reader of The Blade a few months. I like to read the poems and letters that come every week, and I think I will join you, if I am welcome.

We rent a small house in the country. My father and brother work out by the day. I am fourteen years old, and I keep house for them. When my housework is done, I get The Blade and entertain myself by reading the poems and letters.—Sarah Sillings.

Will you admit a girl of twenty summers to your circle? I shall be delighted at the thought of being a "sure enough" M. G. R. I am from Kentucky, which is one point in my favor. I so seldom see a Kentucky letter. What is the matter with her gallant sons and beautiful daughters, for which this old commonwealth is noted far and wide? She must not be left out.

I think all true Kentuckians are proud of their native state. I am. Who would not be, with such grand farms! How many of you have visited Lexington and have seen the blue grass farms? Really and truly, there is nothing more grand. You cannot possibly imagine how fine they are. Words cannot describe and pen cannot paint the beauty of our blue grass country.

There is our pet, the noblest animal created—the horse. Notice the fine horses that are shown at shows and races all over the United States. They are almost always our horses. Now, I will not brag any longer, as I dislike a brag.

I notice the questions under discussion, but as this is my first attempt, I had better not tarry long. I promise to live up to your motto as best I can. What more can I do? With best wishes for all the M. G. R.'s—Bon Ami.

REMARKS BY MISS PRUDENCE.

"Since we last met," letters are received from Dorothy Maude, of Nebraska, Jannie Bell Duval, Sarah Sillings, Violee Lewis, Old Dominion Girl, The Mountain Lad, Thelma from Iowa, Hoosier Queen, Ruth and New Yorker.

Just at present, letters to the M. G. R. circle are not coming in very rapidly, probably because it is "the good, old summer time," and the beautiful outdoor world calls you. However, don't get excited. This is not a scolding. Confidentially, I am glad of the lull, because it will give an opportunity for those to be heard who have been waiting so long. The letters of those who have written will be published, every one of them.

Now, listen! When I sound the call for "more letters," be sure to heed it. We want things doing" in the M. G. R. all of the time.

We have received several orders for badges this week, and we wish to say "thank you." There are still a few left, and I arise to remark that fifteen cents is a small price to pay for the Silver Sign. It is a bargain.

Old Dominion Girl and the rest of your goodly company:—The postal reached me safely, and at the present moment it graces my desk. Glad you thought to send it.

New York:—Surely you are wanted.

Sing you a song in the garden of life,
If only you gather a thistle;
Sing you a song
As you travel along,
An' if you can't sing—why, just whistle.
—Frank Stanton.

The String of Coral Beads

(Concluded.)

Of course neither Doris nor Bettina would have dreamed of harming the little tree—both loved it far too dearly for that—but apparently cross Mrs. Finnegan was unable to discriminate between moderately good little girls and decidedly bad little boys; she treated them all with the same disfavor—and the same pancake turner.

While Doris gazed downward, a small, redheaded boy darted from a cellar doorway, tore up a clod of grass from the plot about the tree, hurled it defiantly at Mrs. Finnegan and turned to beat a hasty retreat. Undoubtedly he would have escaped, as he had often escaped before, but just at that unhappy moment the Hansens' baby, five stories up, pushed its bottle off the window ledge. The bottle, spattering him with milk, crashed to bits directly in the boy's path. Dodging back to avoid other possibly descending bottles, the lad tripped over a loose brick. In another moment Mrs. Finnegan had him across her knee with the pancake turner doing full duty.

And then, as keenly interested Doris peered downward, something at the back of her neck suddenly gave way. Down went her precious string of coral beads that had been sent to her direct from Capri.

Mrs. Finnegan, panting a little from her recent exertion, but still clutching the pancake turner, stood in her doorway; she had not noticed the falling beads, but Patsy Doane, peering around a basement door jamb, had seen them strike the pavement. Little escaped Patsy's keen eyes. Now, with his eyes on the pink spot, he edged closer.

"Dear me!" said Doris, beginning to creep slowly down the staircase. "If that dreadful boy gets there first I'll never see those lovely beads again. All boys are horrid."

Patsy, fairly hugging the wall and keeping a watchful eye on Mrs. Finnegan, edged toward the pink beads. Doris continued to creep downward. It was clearly a race, and, owing to Mrs. Finnegan's terrifying presence, a race under frightful difficulties. Mrs. Finnegan's dreadful eye roved threateningly from one to the other, sending cold chills down both youthful spines.

"Oh," groaned Doris, quivering with fear, but still advancing, "I haven't a chance. That horrid boy will make a dive for them the moment Mrs. Finnegan makes a dive for me. He'll get the beads, Mrs. Finnegan'll get me—and I'll get pancaked."

Yet, fearing all this, down crept Doris, a step at a time. It was not customary to set foot in that particular portion of the court in Mrs. Finnegan's presence; and that lady, who had not seen the beads, began to look puzzled. This double advance was unusual.

Suddenly, to Doris' dismay, the boy darted forward; but instead of grabbing the beads as she expected, he paused between them and Mrs. Finnegan and began to prance derisively right under that astonished lady's nose.

"Now's yer chance," he yelled.

Doris was so surprised that she almost tumbled off the fire escape. The words were meant for her. The boy was actually helping her.

Recovering from her surprise, Doris dashed down the remaining steps, seized the precious beads and flew up two flights.

"Thank you, boy," cried Doris, pausing on the second landing for breath, while Patsy escaped to his own doorway. "You're the bravest boy I ever saw."

"Aw g'wan," said the embarrassed Patsy. But he did not look displeased.

"A few boys," reflected Doris, as she climbed in at her own window, "are not altogether horrid. Mother! is it cake you're taking out of the oven? Do give me that small round loaf. I want to give it to a boy for helping me get my beads back. And I didn't think nice things about him—I've got to make up for that."

"Is he a nice boy?" asked Mrs. Parkman, handing Doris the cake.

"No," returned Doris, holding the cake high in the air for Patsy to see, and shrieking for him to catch it, "but, mumsey, he was nice to me."—Carroll Watson Rankin in Woman's Home Companion.

THE POET'S CORNER

The following are the poems we have received in answer to requests published in The Poets' Corner of August fifteenth and August eighth:

Twenty Years Ago.

I've wandered to the village, Tom, I've sat beneath the tree
Upon the schoolhouse playground which sheltered you and me;
But none were there to greet me, Tom, and few were left to know,
That played with us upon the grass some twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom—barefooted boys at play
Were sporting just as we did then, with spirits just as gay;
But the "master" sleeps upon the hill, which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding-place, just twenty years ago.

The old schoolhouse is altered some, the benches are replaced
By new ones, very like the same our pen-knives had defaced;
But the same old bricks are in the wall, the bell swings to and fro,
It's music just the same, dear Tom, 't was twenty years ago.

The boys were playing some old game, beneath the same old tree—
I do forget the name just now; you've played the same with me
On that same spot; 't was played with knives, by throwing so and so,
The loser had a task to do, there, just twenty years ago.

The river's running just as still, the willows on its side
Are larger than they were, Tom, the stream appears less wide;
But the grapevine swing is ruined now where once we played the beau,
And swung our sweethearts—"pretty girls"—just twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the spreading beech,
Is very low—'t was once so high that we could almost reach;
And kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I even started so!
To see how much that I am changed since twenty years ago.

Near by the spring, upon an elm, you know, I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom, and you did mine the same—
Some heartless wretch had peeled the bark, 't was dying sure but slow,
Just as the one whose name was cut, died twenty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom, but tears came in my eyes,
I thought of her I loved so well—those early broken ties—
I visited the old churchyard, and took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved some twenty years ago.

Some are in the churchyard laid, some sleep beneath the sea,
But few are left of our old clas, excepting you and me,
And when our time is come, Tom, and we are called to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we played just twenty years ago.

Flight of Time.

Time is winging us away,
To our eternal homes;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb,
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty loses its charms;
All that's mortal soon shall be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter day—
A journey to the tomb.
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above,
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

I Want to See My Mother.

I want to see my mother,
Oh, can't you call her here?
It would not seem so hard to die
If I had my mother near.
My home is on the mountains,
Up where the pine trees wave,
'Twas there I heard the bugle
Calling for the brave.

I want to see my mother,
Her tender, loving eye—
And hear her blessed voice
Close by me when I die.
I long to hear her footstep,
To hear her call my name,
To have her pray beside me—
No other prays the same.

I want to clasp her dear hand
And hold her to my heart,
And say, "God bless you, mother,"
Once more before we part.
Mother! mother! come to me,
I cannot die alone,
Come quick my angel mother,
Oh, don't you hear me groan?

Oh, no, she does not hear me!
She does not know my pain,
And she'll never, never see me,
In my old seat again.
She's tending darling sister—
I've dreamed of her all day,
And I hear the little prattler
Lisping, "Brudder far away."

O, God, O chaplain, hear me!
Pray heaven will give me grace
To still this dying longing
To see my mother's face.
There—peace, I'll turn to Jesus—
He never would complain—
He came to save His country,
Yet Jesus, too, was slain.

Yes, brother, God has heard me,
He's calmed my agony,
My sins are all forgiven
And He is all to me.
Then tell my blessed mother
I'm dying peacefully,
Christ Jesus, now is mother,
And he'll take care of me.

Kitty Wells.

You ask what makes this darky weep,
Why he like others, am not gay;
What makes the tear flow down his cheek
From early morn till close of day.
My story, darkies, you shall hear,
For in my memory fresh it dwells,
'Twill cause you all to drop a tear
On the grave of my sweet Kitty Wells.

Chorus.

While the birds were singing in the morning,
And the myrtle and the ivy were in bloom,
And the sun on the hill was dawning,
It was there we laid her in her tomb.

I never shall forget the day,
That we together roamed the dells,
I kissed her cheek and named the day
That I should marry Kitty Wells.
But Death came at my cabin door
And took from me my joy and pride,
And when I found she was no more
I laid my banjo down and cried.

I sometimes wish that I were dead,
And laid beside her in the tomb;
The sorrow that bows down my head
Is silent in the midnight gloom.
The springtime has no charm for me,
Tho' flowers are blooming in the dell,
For that dear form I long to see,
'Tis the form of my sweet Kitty Wells.

POEMS WANTED.

I would be pleased if anyone can send the song containing these words:

The red shall show the blood they shed,
The while, souls loyal to the last,
The blue, Heaven's triumph arch o'erhead
Through which to God's "Well done"
they passed.
Refrain—
Sleep, sacred dust of loyal dead,
Spring's brightest bloom shall deck your bed.
March on, march on, brave souls that won
The victors' palm on high.

Mrs. M. D. C.

Can anyone give the words of O. W. Holmes' poem beginning,

Ay, tear the tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high?

I should like, also, the words of an old ballad of the war of 1812, entitled James Bird. It begins this way:

Come, ye sons of pleasure, to me,
And ye daughters, too, give ear,
You a sad and mournful story
As was ever told shall hear.

D. M. B.

I would like very much to have the words of the song, When This Cruel War Is Over. This is the first verse:

Oh, how proud you stood before me,
In your suit of blue,
When you vowed to me and country
Ever to be true.
Waiting sad and lonely,
Hopes and fears are vain.
Yet praying when this cruel war is over
Praying that we meet again.

R. E.

I would like some one to furnish me with the poem which starts like this:

Some folks are allers a-grumblin',
No matter what they've got,
and finding fault with what
They have, and wantin' what they've not.
And it riles me up to hear 'em
Complainin' all the time,
With their mesly misconception
Of the works of the sublime.

L. D.

I desire to find a poem by Thomas Buchanan Reid, entitled The Gold. Now, of which the following is the first verse:

The earth is full of discontent,
Muttered by mouths the foolish as the vain.
But a world of misery unuttered
Lies behind lips that never tell the pain.

B. M.

Does anyone know the old song which the following are some of the lines:

She was an angel, my love and my guide,
To save me from ruin vainly she tried.
Poor, broken-hearted, 'tis well that she died
Long, long ago.

M. E. G.

The poem by Helen Hunt Jackson, entitled, Just as God Wills, is requested.

Indiana Sweet Pea would like to know the words of the songs, "Just as the Sun Went Down," and "Tell Mother I'll Be There."

ANSWER TO QUOTATION.

Last week's quotation was taken from the sixth canto of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, written by Sir Walter Scott. The entire quotation is thus:

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand!

If such there breathe; go, mark him well!
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, centered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung
Unwept, unhonored and unsung.

NEW QUOTATION.

Who wrote?

The world is too much with us, late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon.

Who is the author and what is the name of the poem containing these lines:

No endeavor is in vain,
The reward is in the doing
And the rapture of pursuing,
Is the prize of vanquished gain.

A LITTLE CHAT.

Mrs. C. R.:—If you will send your address to the Household editor, I will forward you a copy of The Old Settler Story. It is too long to publish in The Corner.

Jacob W. B.:—Your thought is excellent. Your verse not so good. Perhaps it would be just as well not to put it in print, this time. Thanks for the quotation.

Leona Green:—The poem you mention has not been requested. Thank you for your interest.

Elizabeth H. B.:—The editor was interested in your letter and the enclosed program. Thank you for the poem.

W. F. Garver.:—Your interest much appreciated, also the contents of your letter. Someday The Teacher's Farewell will appear.

Owing to the lack of space, it has been found necessary to cut out editorial comment between poems. The editor is much gratified by the interest displayed in this department, and especially with the promptness with which asked for poems are sent in. We have a long list of requests on file which will be published as they can be reached.

HUGE METEOR DROPS INTO THE SEA

Immense Heavenly Visitor, Accompanied by Strange Noise, Sends Waves Up High.

Amagansett, L. I., August 21.—Yesterday evening an immense meteor, apparently about 75 feet in circumference, fell into the sea about a mile off the Amagansett life-saving station. The arrival of the heavenly visitor was announced by a strange noise which seemed to come from a point directly overhead.

When first heard there was nothing visible, but an instant later a great stream of fire seemed to belch down from the clouds and plunge into the sea in the wake of the meteor. The slight noise which was heard at first increased to a roar that was almost deafening, and this ended with a noise as of a mighty boiler letting off steam as the missle struck the water.

Great waves rolled in upon the beach after the meteor struck the water, and the oldest resident of Amagansett cannot remember a time when any tide washed so far up the sands as did the waves created by this terrifying visitor from the skies.

Part of the bathing pavilion was washed away, along with several fishermen's huts. Much damage was done to property abutting the water front. Some persons thought the strange incident marked the end of the world, and prayers were recited that would, in the ordinary course of events, not have been uttered, perhaps for many a day. Even the old fishermen, used as they are to facing death at sea, were terrified, and not for an hour or more did the excitement quiet down.

Capt. George Green, who was in command of a vessel in the harbor of Martinique when Mont Pelee blew its head off and destroyed that city, was sitting on the water front when the meteor fell. He declared nothing had ever frightened him so much except the Mont Pelee disaster.

The meteor apparently fell vertically. From the time the noise was first heard until it plunged into the sea was probably three-quarters of a minute. After the disturbance had subsided hundreds of dead fish were found upon the shore. These were gathered up by boys and peddled to the hotels.

SAVED BOY IN MID-AIR

Child, Entangled in Rope, Carried Up by Balloon.

Springfield, O., August 22.—H. H. McGill, editor of the Osborn Local, who has turned aeronaut, proved himself a hero yesterday at the county fair, where he is making daily ascensions in his balloon. He saved the life of John Clark, a ten-year-old boy, by a thrilling feat.

Just as McGill's balloon was cut loose young Clark was caught in the ropes and went skyward. A cry of horror burst from the crowd. McGill heard the screams of the people and, glancing down, saw the lad tangled in the ropes. The balloon was 50 feet in the air at the time.

McGill has but one arm. Nervy and cool, he reached down from his trapeze and with his one hand gathered up the ropes of the parachute. It took but a moment to form a pouch of the parachute just below the boy.

"Slide down into the parachute," commanded the aeronaut, and the boy tremblingly obeyed. The crowd watched the maneuver breathlessly and cheered as the boy slid into his nest, while the balloon went soaring upward hundreds of feet.

The additional weight of the boy prevented the balloon from going as high as it might otherwise have done. Soon the balloon began to fall and it slowly descended a little west of the fair grounds. McGill cut loose the parachute as he neared the earth, to prevent the bag falling on them,and the big and little aeronaut came gently down in the narrow space between a fence and a house, both unhurt.

FUNDS OF SUNDAY SCHOOL

Misappropriated by Woman Who Has Disappeared.

New York, August 22.—Leaving a note saying that she would rather face death than meet her husband's wrath when he learned that she had misappropriated $600, which was in her keeping, as treasurer of the Sunday school of St. John's Evangelical Lutheran church, Mrs. Andrew Goetz left her home in western New York on Friday and has not been heard from since.

Most of the money in the woman's charge was collected by the Sunday school children for a new church which the trustees planned to build. Mrs. Goetz's husband is a shipping clerk, employed in New York. The couple have been married for 25 years.

ARTILLERY TO MAKE RAIN

Is Suggestion of Mayor of Town in Drouth District.

New Haven, Conn., Aug. 22.—As the drought still continues, Mayor Studley, of this city, has suggested that a battery of field artillery be used to discharge fifty rounds of ammunition in the hope of producing an atmospheric change and consequent precipitation. Except for two brief thunderstorms several weeks ago, no rain has fallen in this vicinity for 76 days.

MRS. STANFORD'S GEMS

Are Quietly Disposed Of at a Sale in London.

New York, August 22.—Announcement is made here that almost all the diamonds belonging to the estate of the late Mrs. Jane L. Stanford, widow of Leland Stanford, Jr., have been quietly disposed of and the proceeds are to be devoted to the Leland Stanford, Jr., university, in compliance with the terms of the will of their owner.

The sale took place in a wholesale house in London, under the supervision of a committee, consisting of Timothy Hopkins, Joseph D. Grant, Charles D. Lathrop and Whitelaw Reid, United States ambassador to Great Britain. It is said that $350,000 has been realized, which falls considerably short of the appraisal made by experts, which was half a million dollars.

The sale of the Stanford diamonds has interested dealers throughout the world, for their peculiarities were widely known. Most of them were of the yellow or canary variety. Nearly all had interesting histories, one of them having been owned by the Empress Josephine, and worn by her on the occasion of her marriage to Napoleon I, while another belonged to the Marlborough collection.

New York dealers purchased some of the gems.

BREAKS A MAN'S NECK IN PULLING HIS TOOTH.

Chicago, August 21.—George Davis, thirty-eight years of age, died in the county hospital yesterday of what was diagnosed by the physicians as a broken neck.

Davis came to the hospital about a week ago complaining of a pain in his back. His right arm was paralyzed. The day following his arrival he was attacked with severe pains in the spinal column. He told the physicians at the hospital that he had gone to a dentist to have a tooth extracted. The tooth was difficult to extract, and Davis said that the dentist had jerked him severely. It is believed by the physicians that the dentist dislocated a portion of the spinal column.

ROOT PROGRESSES FINELY

Muldoon Lays Secretary's Condition to Overwork.

New York, August 26.—Secretary Root, who is at Muldoon's "cure" farm, near White Plains, is progressing finely, according to Muldoon, who says he will have the secretary back at work, "the strongest man in President Roosevelt's cabinet," in two weeks more.

"As to the secretary's condition," Muldoon said, "there appears to be very little wrong with him. He was just plugging the work too hard, and any man who forgets that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, he is likely to wake up some day and find himself full of mental and physical kinks.

"That's all it is with Mr. Root. I have been able to see since he has been up here how he is worked out."

BUT FEW OF NEW LAWS

Promised by King Edward Reach the Statute Books.

London, Aug. 26.—Of the many measures promised in the king's speech at the opening of the present session of parliament, which will be prorogued next Wednesday, but few have reached the statute books. Like the education bill and the plural voting bill, the most prominent measures of the last session, and which were thrown out by the house of lords, the Irish council bill, which was to have been the most important piece of legislation at this session, met with early defeat, but in a different way. The education and plural voting bills gave the liberals an opening for a campaign against the house of lords.

The Irish universities bill was not introduced.

The house eviction bill, which the house of lords so radically amended has little likelihood of the house of commons finally accepting it in its altered condition.

The deceased wife's sister bill was accepted by both houses.

One of the most notable measures of the session, and one of greatest interest to American meat packers, is the Burns food bill, which both houses passed.

Bills have been passed creating a court of criminal appeal.

A rather radical reform in the criminal laws of England is amending the merchant shipping act; changing the patent act; thoroughly reforming the army system, and enacting a system of small holdings in England.

ROW IN THE STANDARD

Preceded Action Declaring Dividends Last Week.

New York, August 23.—H. H. Rogers and William Rockefeller are reported to have had a serious disagreement about the policy to be adopted by the Standard Oil company in defending itself against the attacks of the government.

It was learned yesterday that a good deal of dissension developed at the meeting of the directors last week when the usual dividend of $6 a share for the period was declared. The attitude of the administration toward corporations was discussed, and particularly the fine of $29,240,000 levied against the Standard Oil company for rebating by Judge Landis. It is understood that the lines were drawn sharply at the meeting and some of the directors strongly urged that in view of this heavy fine the quarterly dividend should be passed. These took the position that the company for various reasons ought not to go on paying dividends while it was under such heavy fire from both national and state governments.

It was said that the arguments presented were of a somewhat heated nature, and the discussion took a decidedly acrimonious turn. The exact lineup of the directors on the dividend question could not be learned, but it is understood that a certain portion of them conducted a vigorous fight against the declaration.

FRENCH SHELL MOORS

Tribesmen Driven From Position Near Casablanca.

Paris, August 22.—Vice Admiral Philibert, commanding the French naval forces off Casablanca, telegraphs that while the Moors were advancing on the French camp near Casablanca yesterday under the cover of a fog the fog lifted and permitted the French batteries ashore and afloat to shell the Moors with deadly effect.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon General Drude had moved forward his field guns to a ridge, situated about four miles from the camp, whence he shelled the Moors, who were then in full flight eastward. Admiral Philibert reported that the situation elsewhere was practically uncharged.

The report that Mulai Hafig, brother of the sultan, had been proclaimed sultan, still lacks official confirmation.

Reinforcements Necessary.

Casablanca, August 22.—The arrival before this town of three new columns of warring tribesmen, who have joined the army of the fanatics besieging Casablanca, has rendered more serious the problem undertaken by France and Spain to "restore order." The new arrivals constitute an imposing opposition to the French force, now wearied with their long vigil.

The soldiers are convinced that their present defensive strength is inadequate. General Drude has had a conference with Vice Admiral Philibert, who telegraphed to Paris the belief of the general that reinforcements are absolutely necessary for the protection of the town.

GRAIN DAMAGED BY FROST

Estimated Seed Yield iu Northwest Reduced 20 Per Cent.

St. Paul, Aug. 22.—A special to the Pioneer Press from Cando, in the northern part of North Dakota, tells of severe frosts in that section of the state Tuesday night, which did much damage to late grain, especially to flax, which has just commenced to blossom. All kinds of garden truck were cut down except potatoes.

Minot reports light frost over the entire region, which grain men estimated would cut down the seed yield 20 per cent. The exact damage cannot be determined until the grain is threshed.

SENDS UNCLE SAM $1 FOR A STOLEN MELON.

Washington, August 23.—A conscience-stricken watermelon thief has forwarded to the treasury department a contribution of $1. In an unsigned letter, mailed at Fremont, S. C., he states that the money is in payment of watermelons he has stolen, and asks that the treasury officials fix everything all right with the government. As the government does not own watermelon patches and carries no melons among its supplies, the officials cannot understand where Uncle Sam comes in. The money will be deposited to the credit of the conscience fund.

SPAIN MUST STAND FIRM

In Morocco, Says Imparcial—Government Is Criticised.

Madrid, August 23.—The Imparcial today continues its criticism of the hesitating policy of the Spanish government towards Morocco, declaring that it is folly under the present circumstances to make any effort to organize the international police. Casablanca, the paper says, will for some time to come require a large force to occupy it, for if the troops are withdrawn Mussulman fanaticism will break out with renewed fury there and at other ports, as the departure of the soldiers will only excite the Moors and result in further disturbances.

In conclusion the Imparcial predicts that unless the Spanish government takes a firm stand against any forward movement of the troops, General Drude, the French commander, will advance as soon as his reinforcements arrive and Spain will involuntarily be committed to an adventure in Africa.

Foraker Answers Taft; Says He's Losing Ground

Cincinnati, August 21.—Senator J. B. Foraker gave out an interview last evening, in which he answered parts of Mr. Taft's Columbus speech and stated the point of his controversy with the federal administration.

Senator Foraker's reply is summed up as follows:

That Secretary Taft is losing ground in Ohio, although if nominated all Republicans will support him.

That his controversy with the President is over the question whether a public servant shall do his own thinking.

That if Secretary Taft is correct in saying that there are evils in the tariff they ought to be removed at once, without waiting eighteen months.

That the secretary is wrong in saying that a great body of Republicans desired the tariff revised, either now or eighteen months hence.

That the rate bill, instead of strengthening the Elkins bill, weakens it.

That, through an amendment inserted by Senator Lodge, a friend of the administration, the harm was done, as his amendment required proof that an offense was "knowingly" done.

That if the Standard Oil rebate offenses had been committed after this amendment, the word "knowingly" would have cost the United States $29,000,000 in fines in Judge Landis' court.

That the "unfortunate circumstances" which Judge Taft speaks of in describing the elimination of imprisonment from the Elkins law was made at the suggestion of the inter state commerce commission itself.

THE EDDY SUIT SETTLED

Outside the Court by Counsel for Those Interested.

Case Was Begun Last March to Secure Accounting of Property.

Concord, N. H., August 21.—The famous suit in equity, brought on March 1 last by George Glover, son of Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy and others, as "next friend," against Calvin S. Frye and others, to secure an accounting of the property of the aged founder and head of the Christian Science church, came to an abrupt end today.

Immediately after the opening of court in the continued hearing regarding Mrs. Eddy's competency before Judge Edgar Aldrich and his comasters, William E. Chandler, senior counsel for the next friends, announced that counsel for the "next friends" had filed with the clerk of the court a motion for the dismissal of the suit.

He said that there were many reasons for this action but the principal one was the "unprofitableness of any immediate result of a decision in our favor upon the exact issue as now framed, compared with the burdens and disadvantages to be endured by us, both before and after such a decision."

This was the second day of the second week of the masters' hearing upon the competency of Mrs. Eddy. Upon the masters taking their seats, William E. Chandler, senior counsel for the next friends, addressed the court, saying:

"May it please the court, it will doubtless be a relief to the masters to be informed that the counsel for the next friends have this day filed with the clerk of the court a motion for the dismissal of the pending suit and that they hereby withdraw their appearance before the masters without asking from them any finding upon the question submitted to them by Judge Chamberlin. The suit has been almost wholly altrustic in its nature and not a single dollar of the large fortune whose existence is disclosed, or which might be enlarged in consequence of this suit, can become at this time the property of the next friends. There are also reasons sentimental in the country overcoming the strong desire of the next friends to prove the facts and vindicate the reasons upon which the suit has been based, which, however, is now hereby dismissed."

Mr. Chandler then formally presented a motion for the dismissal of the suit.

Mr. Streeter, counsel for Mrs. Eddy, in her behalf, at once presented a motion that the masters proceed with the hearing and determine her competency to manage her business affairs.

"If we are allowed to proceed," said Mr. Streeter, "we should show you that on February 12, 1907, Mrs. Eddy began to arrange for the management of her property for the rest of her life and to provide for her kindred during that time."

Mr. Streeter reviewed the institution and progress of the accounting suit, which he characterized as primarily an assault by a newspaper upon a great religion—a religion which the founder had designed to promote after her death by the use of a large part of her fortune.

"Not one word of testimony has been introduced," said Mr. Streeter, "to show that one dollar of her money has ever been misappropriated. The charge of her incompetency has completely collapsed. It is now stated in the press that the next friends will abandon this suit for the purpose of awaiting Mrs. Eddy's death and then contesting her will. Mrs. Eddy has a legal right to a finding of her competency upon the case as it now stands or upon such further evidence as she may introduce."

Mr. Streeter demanded from the masters a finding to that effect. Judge Aldrich said the issuo submitted to them was purely a property question. He continued:

"The next friends having withdrawn from this hearing and announced that they will withdraw the suit from the superior court there is nothing left for us to hear and we do not think we should be justified in going forward with an exparte hearing.

"We shall make a report to Judge Chamberlain containing all the evidence and the happenings of today. In case we are in error in respect to the effect of next friends' withdrawal, Judge Chamberlain can direct us to resume the hearing.

"Without such order we do not that we should be justified in going forward with this hearing."

In reply to a question by Judge Aldrich Mr. Streeter said he would take exception to this ruling.

PUTS CHURCH BAN ON RICE

Racine, Wis., Priest Orders Peaceful Weddings.

Racine, Wis., Aug. 22.—Rice at weddings has been placed under the ban of St. Mary's Roman Catholic church of this city. Bridal couples henceforth will not be annoyed by the custom until they get out of sight of the edifice.

Father Meyer, pastor of St. Mary's, made the order.

"It is a relic of barbarism," the priest explains, "and I will not have it practiced at my church. It is annoying and dangerous, too."

Some overzealous friends of a couple are responsible for the priest's action. They were making life miserable for the married ones, when Father Meyer rushed out and stopped the fun. The tormentors did not get a chance to use half the rice they had on hand.

PROBLEM SELF-SOLVING

Declares Secretary Taft in Kentucky Campaign Opening.

Says That Disfranchisement of Voters Is Proper if Applied With Fairness to All.

Lexington, Ky., August 23.—Secretary of War Taft yesterday opened the Republican state campaign with a discussion of the race problem, the general political situation and an appeal to Kentuckians to aid the Republican party in support of those principles. Calling attention to what he called the south's lack of representation, he declared that this was true, "because one single issue has made it the perpetual tail of the Democratic party, so that, however small the northern head, it wags that tail. The south had permitted the shadow of an isue that circumstances ought long ago to have removed, to bind it to the Democratic party, no matter what principles or candidates that party adopts."

He called attention to the prosperity of Kentucky's industries and agriculture and expressed the belief that many Kentuckians who favored a protective tariff blindly voted the Democvratic ticket because of feeling on the race issue.

Then taking up the race question, he said:

"I am not a pessimist with respect to the race question. I am convinced that it is working itself out, and I am convinced that nothing has so much contributed to its gradual solution as the 13th, 14th, and 15th amendments."

He discussed the first and second of these and called attention to the development of the people, starting with the greatest illiteracy and ignorance until they became self-sustaining, giving much praise to Booker T. Washington and others who had urged "the wisdom of making the education manual and industrial."

After mentioning the various means of disfranchising voters, and declaring that such laws were proper if applied with equal fairness to both white and black, he expressed the hope that as the colored citizens, under the leadership of such men as Booker T. Washington, would "become respected business members of the communities in which they live and in which they exercise independence of judgment in respect to present issues, we may be sure that gradually the right to vote will be accorded them and they will exercise a far more useful influence as intelligent and solid members of the community than the ignorant members of their race would have exercised had they been allowed to vote."

"As an American citizen and lover of my country, I long for the time when the south shall be received again into the councils of the nation and when the people of that section shall resume the influence to which they are entitled and to which they deny themselves by being frightened at a mere ghost of the past."

On the question of greater congressional representation than the vote of the south seemed to warrant, he found an injustice which he believed had been largely counterbalanced by its tendency to drive northern voters into the Republican party.

He discussed the problems confronting the country in the West Indies and in the Philippines more briefly, and especially considering the opinions of Mr. Bryan in connection with the administration of affairs in the far east.

LISTENED TO FLATTERY

While the Postoffice Safe Was Being Robbed.

Springfield, Mass., August 24.—While Postmaster Edwin Smith, of Mittineague, West Springfield, was alone, a well-dressed stranger sauntered in the postoffice. He introduced himself as a government inspector. Many complaints, he said, had been received that the postoffice could not readily be found, and the postoffice department had decided to erect a monument in front, indicating that Uncle Sam was doing business thereabouts.

The idea impressed Postmaster Smith favorably, and he willingly accompanied the visitor outside. Mr. Smith thought that a site directly in front of the postoffice would be best. The inspector favored a spot in the street on the further side of the building, and Postmaster Smith accompanied him around the corner, while the inspector pointed out the advantages of that position.

The inspector produced blue-print plans and explained them in detail. Postmaster Smith suggested that the monument be made of granite. The inspector favored brownstone, but was open to conviction.

More time was consumed when the inspector inquired relative to Mr. Smith's preferences in the matter of a plate to be attached to the monument, which should announce that Edwin Smith was postmaster at the time the long-needed monument was erected. Mr. Smith modestly suggested a bronze tablet, bearing his full name, age and years of service. The inspector assured Mr. Smith that his wishes would be complied with and proceeded to draw a plan of the suitable bronze tablet.

"My, but I am forgetting my customers," observed Mr. Smith.

"That's right. Never neglect business. I've understood that you were always on the job," responded the inspector affably as he swung himself aboard a passing trolley car. Postmaster Smith waved a deferential adieu and went back to the postoffice. The contents of the safe were on the floor and there was a shortage of $500. It is believed that the "inspector's" confederate departed on the car which Mr. Smith's visitor boarded.

Blondin, Reported Dead Ten Years Ago, Found by Friend

Waterbury, Conn., August 26.—Charles Blondin, the once famous tight wire walker, who made the perilous trip across Niagara Falls, is said to be living the life of a hermit in West Cheshire, though rumor had it that he died ten years ago in London.

Blondin, who is working as a carpenter on odd jobs and going under the name of Michael Todd, is said to have been recognized by an old circus performer named Abe Totten. Blondin, when found by his old comrade, said: "Yes, I know they think me dead, and perhaps I had better be dead. I made money fast and spent it faster in the maddening pleasures of life, and I certainly have felt the need and the value of money since. My oldest son knows where I am. He is with Whitney's circus in the west."

PLANS AN ARMY OF 400,000

Taft Would Make National Guard a National Reserve.

President Also Favors Such a Move, and Bill May Be Presented Next Session.

Lexington, Ky., August 26.—At the next session of congress it is believed that a bill may be passed converting the National Guard into a national reserve, such as is maintained in England. While in this city last week Secretary of War William H. Taft indicated to Brigadier General Roger D. Williams, of this city, that such was his idea, as the war department has found it impossible to secure recruits to take the place of the discharged men.

The situation for the war department is appalling, as there are now two men discharged from service to every man who enters the service. One of the most important features of the bill, which is said to be already drafted, is that a West Point graduate will be put in charge of the National Guard of each state, and that all members of the National Guard will be kept in service at all times on half pay.

It is not the idea of Secretary Taft that the guards should be kept in such active service as the standing army is maintained, but that the men must be ready to report for duty and go into the battlefield at any time they are called upon.

If such a bill is passed, the standing army and the national reserve will enable the United States to put into the field for service in a few hours' notice nearly 400,000 soldiers, and they would be able to cope with any nation in the world.

There are now existing two forms of military service in the United States, one branch supported by the government and the other branch by the states. The efficiency of the guards and their equipment determines to which organization they belong. The militia of Ohio and Kentucky belong to the National Guards, but there are some states in the union that support their own militia.

The Dick bill, which became effective, creating the National Guards, five years ago, expires January 1, and it is likely that the bill creating the National Reserve will be passed and become effective before the expiration of the Dick bill.

President Roosevelt also favors the bill creating the National Reserve, so that little trouble is anticipated if it is introduced for passage. When Secretary Taft was here he and Gen. Williams had a long talk about the future militia affairs of the country, and he complimented the efficiency of the Kentucky National Guards. It is through the interest that Secretary Taft takes in the National Guard that the $13,000 is appropriated for the target practice and the national shoot which begins this week at Port Clinton, Ohio.

A WONDERFUL CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY

An important movement is being started, and all are invited to join. The object is to form a People's Oil Company, in which the immense profits in oil, will be distributed among the thousands composing the company. It is thought every dollar invested will pay 50 per cent dividend per annum, and many people, only getting 4 or 6 per cent on their money, will be glad of this opportunity to get 50 per cent. The Standard Oil Co. pays from 50 to 100 per cent annually, so 50 per cent can safely be expected, and perhaps more. There is no possibility of loss. Any lady or gentleman, with a little money, which they desire to bring them big interest, without any risk, should write to Mr. J. M. McInerney, Block 100, Pittsburg, Pa., for particulars regarding this movement. The government has crushed the Standard Oil power, and now the people have a chance. Every person who has $10 or more to invest, should help on this movement, as it will be as profitable as Standard Oil investments have been.

TAYLOR BREAKS SILENCE

Kentucky Exile Rebukes Powers' Persecutors.

Also Asks That Corruption Fund Be Not Used in Prosecution of Goebel Cases.

Indianapolis, August 24.—William S. Taylor, former governor of Kentucky, whose extradition has been sought by the authorities of that state since the assassination of Governor Goebel, seven years ago, gave out a signed statement last night, which he says is the first public statement he has made since leaving his native state. He first dissects the promise of immunity said to have been offered him recently should he testify in the Powers case, and then makes a proposal to the Kentucky authorities to return to his home state and stand trial on the charge against himself under certain guarantees. The statement says:

"For more than seven years I have borne in silence the slanders and persecutions of those who robbed me of what heaven knows was my own, and who, to conceal that crime against liberty and for no other reason, indicted and drove me into exile.

"Commonwealth Attorney Robert Franklin knows that I have fully testified in the Powers case by deposition. He knows that he had a right to cross-examine me at the time I gave it, and he did not do so. He knows that neither he nor any officer or combination of officers in Kentucky has the legal power to grant such immunity, and that were I to return under such promise of immunity, I would at once be arrested, denied bail, and, like Mr. Powers, be subjected to nothing less than a mock trial, before a packed partisan jury, and with a $100,000 corruption fund as a powerful incentive to conviction.

"If Mr. Franklin will cause what remains of the $100,000 corruption fund to be returned to the treasury of Kentucky, no part of it to be used in these prosecutions, thus putting my case on the same footing as other criminal cases; will guarantee that all trial jurors in my case shall be composed of upright Democrats and a like number of Republicans; will guarantee that bail will be granted me within the limits of $100,000; will dismiss the indictments against all parties used as prosecuting witnesses, except myself, leaving them free to testify without fear, coercion or restraint, and last, but by no means least, will, in advance, by mutual agreement, select an able, upright and impartial judge to try my case, I will, without any promise of immunity, voluntarily and gladly return to Kentucky, not only to testify in the Powers case, but to submit myself to trial before a jury of my native state.

WRECKED BY A TORNADO

Kitchen of Brunswick, Wis., House Blown Over a Mile.

Euclaire, Wis, August 24.—A tornado struck the town of Brunswick last night. Several houses and windmills were blown down. At the Moses farm the roof of the house was blown off and the kitchen carried a mile and a half. A large picture in another farmhouse was carried a long distance and blown into the sitting room of the Moses farm.

Reports say that Fall Creek was struck by the tornado and six people injured.

Hail Destroys Grain.

Grand Forks, N. D., August 24.—Seven thousand acres of grain was destroyed at Bowesmont yesterday afternoon by a hail storm. The strip destroyed extended from three miles west of Bowesmont to the Red river.

SUES HARVESTER TRUST

Texas Demands Penalty in Sum of $1,000,000.

Suit One of Important Anti-Trust Actions Undertaken in Lone Star State.

Chicago, August 23.—A dispatch from Dallas, Texas says:

"One of the most important anti-trust suits started in Texas was filed at Austin yesterday. The suit was filed by the attorney general's department in behalf of the state against the International Harvester Company of America, which was organized under the laws of Wisconsin.

The petition alleges that the defendant concern has violated the anti-trust law of Texas and demands penalties in the sum of $1,100,000.

It is further alleged that this concern has formed an unlawful combine with the following companies: McCormick Harvester & Machine Company, Deering Harvester Company, Plano Manufacturing Company, Warder, Bushnell & Glessner Company, Minneapolis Harvester Company, D. M. Osborne & Company and Aultman Manufacturing Company.

DENY DOWAGER'S ILLNESS

Chinese Legation Declares She Is in Perfect Health.

Paris, Aug. 24.—The Chinese legation here has been informed by cable from Pekin that there is no truth in the reports

DOWAGER EMPRESS.

that the Dowager Empress is suffering from an incurable malady. Her health is stated to be perfect.

BIG BATTLESHIP FLEET

Will Start for the Pacific in December.

Destroyer Flotilla Will Move at Same Time but Not With the Fleet.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., August 24.—The Atlantic battleship fleet will start for the Pacific next December, according to an official statement issued last night by Secretary Loeb at the direction of President Roosevelt.

The statement was made following a conference yesterday afternoon between the President and representatives of the navy department.

A conference between President Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy Newberry, Rear Admiral Brownson, chief of the bureau of navigation, and Rear Admiral Evans, commander of the Atlantic fleet, was held to decide some of the details in connection with the fleets going to the Pacific. The fleet will consist of 16 battleships and will start some time in December, going through the Straits of Magellan and up to San Francisco and will probably also visit Puget Sound. The question of the route by which it will return has not yet been decided. The destroyer flotilla will leave for the Pacific about the same time as the fleet but will not accompany it.

OHIO MAN'S AGED RAZOR

May Identify Him as Heir to a Vast Fortune.

New York, August 23.—W. J. Anderson has arrived here from Colon and Kingston, and told a story of an estate worth several millions which he may inherit through the possession of a razor.

Mr. Anderson comes from Columbus, Ohio, and is of Scottish descent. The story of a mysterious estate in Ireland has been handed down in the family for several generations, but trace of it was lost years ago. With the story has been identified the razor, which has been handed down in the Anderson family from father to son for about 200 years. The final purpose, according to the tradition, is to have the razor identify its owner as the heir to the estate.

Several months ago Mr. Anderson saw an advertisement in a newspaper for heirs to an Anderson estate that is on the records of the English chancery court. He believes he is the sole heir to this property.

SORES MADE HER SICK

Suffered Ten Years With Skin Disease—Physicians and Remedies Did No Good—At Last Found Prompt and Grateful Relief, for Cuticura Cured in Four Weeks.

"I suffered for more than ten years with a skin disease. Sores were on my legs and they made me sick. Physicians were called in to attend to me, but they did me no good. Nothing seemed to do me any good until one day one of my friends advised me to try the Cuticura Remedies, which I did, and in less than four weeks I was made well. I used the Complete Treatment, consisting of Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Pills, and I found them all very successful. My friends were surprised at such a quick cure, and I am glad to tell everybody what the Cuticura Remedies have done for me. Bertha Simpson, Alviso, California, May 24, 1906."

PROCLAIM NEW SULTAN

And a Revival of Fanaticism Is Expected in Morocco.

Tangier, August 21.—A sensational incident occurred during the celebration of noonday prayers at the grand mosque of Djidid at Fez yesterday. A soldier suddenly shouted, "May Allah render our master, Moulai Mohammed, victorious."

Mohammed is the sultan's brother and as the public proclamation of a new sultan in a mosque while the sultan is living is traditionally the signal for a revolution the faithful who were at prayers fled in fright into the streets, creating a general panic. In a very short time all the shops were closed and the Jews barricaded themselves in their residences.

The troops on duty at the mosque seized the soldier who created the disturbance. It developed that he was a converted Jew and was beaten unmercifully and dragged off, covere with blood, to prison, where, probably, he will be beheaded. Later calm was restored in the city.

GREEN FLAG OF THE PROPHET

Raised by Sultan's Brother May Stir Half of Morocco Into a Revolt.

Paris, August 21.—The Figaro declares that General Drude has telegraphed the minister of war asking for reinforcements. The same paper publishes a dispatch from its Casablanca correspondent confirming the report that Mulai Hafig, brother of the sultan of Morocco, was proclaimed sultan on August 15 in the mosque at Morocco City. This indicates a revolt against the indecision of the sultan, the correspondent says, and a revival of fanaticism is bound to follow. Mulai Hafig will raise the green banner of the prophet and will be followed by half the empire. The situation of the French and Spanish forces on shore here, the correspondent concludes, is very serious, and unless reinforcements are sent they will be obliged to re-embark.

Telegraphing from Casablanca, a correspondent of the Matin says the tribesmen have succeeded in making eight breaches in the walls of the city, through which they seek to gain admittance during the night. A third Arab column has arrived from Rabat and is encamped outside of Casablanca. This correspondent interviewed General Drude, who said:

"We have an insufficient force. If the Spaniards continue to refuse to occupy the positions I assigned to them I will have to ask by telegraph for fresh troops. To be prepared for eventualities I want three more battalions."

Arabs Are Routed.

Casablanca, August 21.—Arabs have delivered another attack upon the French force under General Drude, encamped outside this town, but they were routed with very heavy losses. A general uprising of natives is expected. European residents in coast towns, as well as those who live at Fez, Morocco City and other places in the interior, are leaving their homes and seeking safety in flight.

Marching on Casablanca.

Paris, Aug. 21.—Special despatches received here today from Tangier say that Mulai Hafig, the brother of the sultan of Morocco, who recently was proclaimed sultan, is marching on Casablanca with Moorish reinforcements to the number of 15,000 men, recruited from the most fierce and fanatical tribesmen of the south of Morocco.

VANISHED ON WEDDING DAY

Man Missing a Year Returns Home—Was Waylaid.

Lancaster, Pa., August 24.—Frank Montgomery, twenty-five years old, has returned to the home of his parents, in this city, after an absence of more than a year.

Montgomery left Lancaster last August for Gapland, a town in western Maryland, to wed Miss Malvina Castle. At Hagerstown he procured a marriage license, but he strangely disappeared in that city. He stated that while walking along the street he was felled by a blow on the head. When he recovered consciousness he was in a strange country in the custody of four men, who threatened him with death if he attempted to escape.

They finally entered Mexico and one night last June, while two of the captors were absent and the others were asleep, Montgomery escaped near the town of Alamo.

MILLIONAIRE TANNER DEAD

Wm. F. Mosser Dies Suddenly at Spokane, Wash.

Allentown, Pa., August 21.—A telegram has been received in this city, announcing the sudden death at Spokane, Wash., of Willam F. Mosser, a millionaire tanner, of Clearfield county, Pa., and head of the soleleather firm of W. F. Mosser & Co., of Boston. He was interested in various tanneries throughout the United States and was a stockholder in numerous enterprises. Mr. Mosser was 48 years old.

SAYS COAL SHORTAGE INCREASES DAILY

Officer of the Reading Company Declares There Is a Growing Scarcity of Mine Labor.

Philadelphia, August 26.—Because of its inability to fill the order, the Philadelphia & Reading Coal and Iron company was compelled to decline a contract for 200,000 tons of anthracite, the order for which was tendered by a representative of the Austro-Hungarian chamber of commerce. The proposed purchaser was willing to pay the regular price for placing coal on board the vessels either here or in New York.

Another order for 200,000 tons of bituminous coal wanted by the Italian government, is also being offered to the largest soft coal operators of the United States with little prospect of its being taken because of the great expense in delivering it to the Italian destination.

An officer of the Reading company explained that his company was compelled to decline all such orders because of the great demand for coal among customers in this country, and because of the scarcity of labor at the collieries. The same conditions confronted every other anthracite company as well as all bituminous operators, he said. It was further explained that the shortage of all grades of coal is increasing daily, and many western railroads are now alarmed concerning their supplies for the coming winter.

Men who formerly worked in the mines are seeking employment in less dangerous lines of business. Many have abandoned mining as a means of livelihood and have turned to farming in western states. Foreigners who formerly came to the United States to take up mining now seek employment in other fields of labor.

PALACE CARS FOR COXEY'S NEW ARMY

Will Enjoy Best in the Land While on Crusade About to Be Made.

GENERAL J. S. COXEY.

Pittsburg, August 23.—General Coxey, of Coxey's army fame, is to raise a new army. Unlike his first battalions, the soldiers he will not recruit will not march across country to the capital, but will ride in Pullman cars and enjoy the best the land affords. The general does not make plain just where he is to get the munitions for this warfare, but says they will be forthcoming.

The object of the new crusade will be the conversion of the people to the doctrines of municipal and state ownership of public utilities, and in arguments for this campaign the recruits will be schooled. A call will be sent out at once for enlistments, which will not be confined to the hobo class. Contributions to the treasury will also be solicited.

PREPARING TO DREDGE TONS OF PURE GOLD

A Toledo Company is preparing to dredge 144 tons of gold from what is known to be one of the largest gold deposits in the world, held by one company. These people own eleven mines, which are worth about $9,000,000 each.

They have no tunnels to dig, no smelters to build, no crushers to put up. There is such quantities of gold on the ground a few feet below the surface that it can be washed out by hand at the rate of $20.00 per day. The dredge they will install as soon as possible will do the work of 500 men and clean up $4,000 daily.

They are selling stock at 25 cents on the dollar and a few dollars invested at once will earn a share of $92,160,000, which it is estimated lies on the property. On this basis, a five dollar bill will earn over $360.00 because the stock gives an interest in the largest gold deposits in the world.

For particulars of this unusual opportunity, send for the book called "The President's Story," which may be had free by addressing the Peruvian Gold Mining Corporation, No. 609 Gardner Bldg., Toledo, O.

TAFT A STRADDLER, DECLARES BRYAN

Nebraskan Criticises War Secretary for Not Taking Advanced Ground in Reforms.

Lincoln, Neb., August 27.—William J. Bryan's reply to the speech of Secretary William H. Taft at Columbus, O., was given out last night. Secretary Taft is condemned as a "straddler" on nearly all the important issues, and criticised for not taking advanced ground in reforms. Mr. Bryan complains, also, that his own position has been misrepresented by the secretary.

Mr. Bryan says: "Secretary Taft's speech will prove a disappointment to those who expected a clear bugle note in favor of reform. There is not a single question on which he takes a strong, advanced position. On the railroad question he is in favor of preventing watered stock, in favor of competing lines and the duplication of directorates. So far, so good, but he does not advocate the ascertaining of the value of the roads or the reduction of rates. He even defends the President from the charge of favoring the reductions made by the states. The railroads may object to his denunciaiton of abuses, but they will hardly be scared by his remedies.

"On the trust question he thunders at unlawful trusts, but not only does not recommend new legislation, but takes the position that a monopoly may not be harmful. He seems to lean toward the idea that it must be convicted of some harmful act, and this throws the burden of proof upon the government. He recognizes that 'restraint is more difficult,' when one corporation swallows up a lot of other corporations—that 'it involves enormous labor on the part of the government to prosecute such a combination because of the proof of the gist of the offense lies underneath an almost limitless variety of transactions,' and yet he is opposed to the license system which would enable the government absolutely to prevent a monopoly.

"In other words, he gives the benefit of the doubt to the corporation, instead of to the people. He thinks that putting one of two trust magnates in the penitentiary would have a healthy effect, but he uses so many qualifying words that one is left in doubt as to what he really favors.

"The conservatives may object to his speech, because it admits many Democratic contentions, but no real reformer will find encouragement in it. It is a straddle of the most important issues—a compromise instead of a fight for reform."

BIG FLEET TO BE READY TO SAIL DEC. 1

Admiral Evans and Staff Will Arrange Details of the Long Cruise.

Washington, August 27.—Acting Secretary Newberry returned to Washington yesterday, bringing official word of the conclusions reached at the Cyster Bay conference last week, relative to the projected cruise of the great battleship fleet from the eastern to the western coast of the United States by way of the Straits of Magellan. Necessarily, the conclusions were on broad lines, and it was found expedient to leave to Admiral Evans and his staff the arrangement of the details of the voyage and to the heads of the various naval bureaus the preparations which will make it possible for the great fleet to leave the Atlantic coast in perfect conditions for this voyage of 13,772 knots.

Everything will be in readiness for the fleet to sail on December 1, and the date of departure will be between December 1 and 15. As arranged, the itinerary provided for ten knots an hour, which is regarded as the most economic speed for the fleet. This will permit the colliers to accompany the fleet for part of the voyage on the Atlantic side. Starting with full bunkers of coal, the ships will require in addition 100,504 tons, not counting the coal that will be burned by the torpedo boats, which will be provided by merchants en route.

Magdalena Bay will be reached about March 9, according to plans, but the itinerary at this point gives ten days' additional target practice. Some of the battleships will then go to Puget Sound, and part to San Francisco. Nothing has been settled concerning the return of a part or all of the fleet, and probably will not be settled until 60 days in advance of the actual return.

WARLIKE PROCEEDINGS

May Be Necessary to Adjust Claims Against Venezuela.

Washington, August 27.—Following Venezuela's third rejection of the American proposition to submit to arbitration the five American claims against that government it is now the duty of the state department to determine what shall be done to secure the adjustment of these claims. The department's advices show that the third answer of President Castro is a mere statement that the proposal has already been made the object of a formal reply.

It is difficult for the American government to use measures against Venezuela that would probably be regarded by other creditor nations as an interference with the program already arranged for the settlement of their claims, and President Roosevelt will decide to submit to Congress the decision as to the course to be pursued, as this, in the end, might involve the adoption of measures that might be regarded as warlike.

NELSON MORRIS IS DEAD

Heart Disease Causes Death of Noted Packer.

Chicago, August 27.—Nelson Morris, the well known packer of this city, died today after an illness of several weeks. Mr. Morris was a victim of heart disease, complicated with kidney trouble.

Nelson Morris was born in the Black Forest, Germany, in 1840. He came to this country when 11 years old, landing in Philadelphia, without a cent of money. His first work was in Lakeville, Conn., where he hauled coal for $5 a month. Later he worked his way to Buffalo on a canal boat, and from there walked to Chicago.

He went to work in the stock yards here for $5 a month the first year. His first packing house was opened in 1862. Ever since that time he has been prominent in the packing industry, and his fortune is estimated at many millions.

VOLIVA LEAVES ZION CITY

With Few Lieutenants He Goes to His "New Paradise."

Chicago, August 22.—Wilbur Glenn Voliva at last has turned his back upon Zion City, the scene of so many of his troubles. The leader of the Zionites, without announcing his destination, has started for the new home of his faithful followers. This new home, the faithful admitted, is near Las Vegas, San Miguel county, N. M.

Accompanying Voliva were Theodore Forcy, John A. Taylor, and George Bright, his close lieutenants and advisers. It is planned that Overseer Voliva shall remain in New Mexico until a place has been prepared for such of his followers as care to go to the new paradise of the faithful. Already 3,442 acres of land have been purchased. At least 5,000 acres of land, it is said, will be added to this tract.

DOUBLE TRAGEDY FOLLOWS

Andrews' Elopement With an Indiana Girl.

Chicago, August 27.—Charles A. Andrews, formerly a restaurateur at Elkhart, Ind., yesterday shot and killed Elsie Blain, of Flora, Ind., in a room at the Saratoga hotel, and then killed himself with the same revolver. Andrews and his companion registered at the hotel last Saturday as Charles Andrews and wife, of South Bend, Ind. After the tragedy the police learned from letters in the man's bag the woman was one whom he had become infatuated with months ago. Because of her Andrews left his wife and son.

THREE CIPHERS DISAPPEAR

From Amount Stolen From C., B. & Q. Mail Car.

Chicago, August 27.—Three ciphers have disappeared from the amount taken in the alleged $250,000 mail robbery on a Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad train recently. The official count of the lost money is $250. Postoffice Inspector Kimball yesterday received word from the officials at Denver that they had not yet found the thief or the two mail pouches stolen, but that they had found that the amount of money stolen was but $260.

KAISER GIVES THANKS.

Berlin, August 27.—Emperor Wilhelm, in replying to an address of welcome by the burgomaster of Hanover yesterday, said:

"We have to thank the gracious dispensation of heaven and also the swords of our trusty troops that it has been possible to maintain peace so long."

BOILER EXPLODES; 3 DEAD

Low Water Cause of Fatal Accident in Lumber Camp.

Hagerstown, Md., August 27.—Three men dead and a fourth dying is the result of a boiler explosion yesterday at a lumber camp in a tract of timber on the Hayette farm, about eight miles north of Hagerstown.

The dead: George W. Bard, Middlesbourgh, Pa.; Samuel Shirley, Lancaster, Pa.; Elmer Stevens, of Smithsburg, Md.

It is thought the explosion was the result of low water in the boiler. Beard, who was the foreman in charge of the mill, was near the engine at the time, and his body was hurled 400 feet. One of his legs was found 200 feet further away.

COMMERCE LAW FAULTY

Says Interstate Commerce Commissioner Prouty.

Tuesday's Sessions of American Bar Association Devoted to Reports.

Portland, Me., August 27.—The program for the two meetings today of the American Bar association was devoted exclusively to the reading of reports of standing and special committees. The most important of these was the report on insurance law, which was prepared by special order of the last anual convention and which already has been published widely and commented upon throughout the country.

Other reports prepared for presentation at the morning meeting were on jurisprudence and law reform, judicial administration and remedial procedure, legal education and admissions to the bar, commercial law, grievances, obituaries, law reporting and digesting, patent, trade-mark and copyright law, taxation, and uniform state laws.

The sections of legal education and of patent, trade-mark and copyright law were assigned to meet this afternoon at 3 o'clock.

European Delegates.

About forty European delegates have arrived to attend the convention of the International Law association, which opens Thursday and lasts three days. The number of members in attendance at the American Bar association convention was augmented today by many new arrivals.

There is a fundamental defect in the act to regulate commerce by reason of the fact that the interstate commerce commission is given both widespread executive functions and extensive judicial duties—such was the theory expounded yesterday by Charles A. Prouty, of Vermont, interstate commerce commissioner, at the afternoon session.

In an elaborate address Mr. Prouty pointed out that, on the one hand, the commission is required to enforce the provisions of the act as to maintenance of reasonable rates and otherwise, while on the other hand the same commission is required to sit as a quasi-judicial tribunal in arbitrating between the railroad and the people. These functions, it was argued, require entirely different qualifications on the part of the men exercising them.

Mr. Prouty insisted that some method should be found by which the commission may either be relieved of one set of these duties or else subdivided, so that one part of the commission may exercise executive functions and the other part exercise judicial.

"The most important social question before the country today is the regulation of the railroads," declared Mr. Prouty in opening. "I have felt that the present plan of the act to regulate commerce should be substantially modified, and desire to call your attention to what seems to me a fundamental defect in the act."

After dealing in detail with the vast executive and judicial functions of the commission, as at present constituted, he summed up as follows:

Two Sets of Duties.

"The conclusion of the whole matter is this: If the interstate commerce commission is vested with a jurisdiction so tremendous in extent, and of such finality, every effort should be made to provide a body adequate to the trust. That commission under its present law is charged with two sets of duties requiring diverse qualifications for their discharge. It stands, first, as representative of the government to see that these highways are in fact public. It is commanded to enforce the provisions of the act to regulate commerce. It must see that rates are reasonable and just; that the practice and regulations of railways are not oppressive; that the penalties provided by the act are enforced. In the near future its powers must be extended to the operation of the railway as well. These duties are largely executive. They can best be discharged by a single head, responsible to the executive and answerable to the spur of popular criticism.

"Second, this commission is in essence a judicial tribunal which hears and decides complaints. The qualifications of such a body are the exact opposite of the other. Its membership should be numerous, so that its decisions may be the resultant of independent minds. It should be entirely withdrawn from all political and personal influences, and it should have time for the deliberate consideration of the matters ocming before it."

ELLIS ISLAND FLEA HUNT

Ends in Unsuccessful Effort to Get European Brand.

New York, August 27.—"Doctor" Turner, the great American flea tamer, has failed in his efforts to capture a bunch of European fleas at Ellis Island. With numerous bottles Turner went to the island and offered the employes five cents for each flea they caught.

But alas for castles in the air, although fleas are said to be many on Ellis Island, they are hard to catch. The afternoon's work among all of those in the quest only netted six fleas, and they were all caught by Morris Pettie, who had been holding mysterious conferences with the immigrants all the afternoon.

"Anyhow, I got six. That is thirty cents," said Pettie, when "Doc" appeared on his collecting tour.

"Let's see," said "Doc."

"Those are not the right kind," he said, after an inspection. "They are only sand fleas, and not the kind I want at all."

What Pettie said cannot be printed. He took the bottle and threw it overboard, and then consoled himself by saying:

"Well those fellows might not have been able to act, but I bet they would have been able to bite, all right."

HOLD PRIEST FOR MURDER

Must Answer Charge of Killing Two Men in Pittsburg.

Pittsburg, August 27.—With robbery presented as a motive for the crime, Ludwig Szczgiel, the unfrocked priest from Chicago, was held for the grand jury on the charge of shooting and killing Stephen and Andrew Starzynski, hotelkeepers at 1111 Cason street, South Side, this city, on August 8. Francesco Sprow, the alleged housekeeper of the priest, was held as a witness for the state and an accessory after the facts, the latter charge being founded on her persistent refusal to give full information regarding the priest, and her apparent desire to shield him.

FIND TEACHER IN LAKE

Disappeared While Escort Was Absent a Few Minutes.

Believed She Attempted to Follow Him and Fell Into the Water.

Paterson, N. J., August 27.—The body of Miss Agnes Maguire, the Brooklyn school teacher who mysteriously disappeared from a carriage at Nolan's Point, Lake Hopatcong, N. J., Saturday night, was found in the lake today.

Miss Maguire was visiting at her uncle's home in Dover, N. J., when on Saturday evening her cousin, Charles Maguire, a clerk in the Dover postoffice, took her for a drive to Camp Lookout, at Nolan's Point, on Lake Hopatcong. They arrived at the camp after dark and just as a thunderstorm was about to occur. Hitching his horse to a tree, Charles Maguire left his cousin waiting in the carriage while he went to the camp to get some clothing. He said he was absent only a few minutes, but when he returned Agnes was gone, leaving no trace of the route she had taken. Charles said he supposed the young woman, who was of a nervous temperament, became frightened by the vivid flashes of lightning after he left her alone and, trying to reach the camp, lost her way in the woods.

The body was brought up with a grappling iron in front of the camp.

WAR ON YELLOW FEVER

Will Again Be Wiped Out of Cuba by Americans.

Washington, August 24.—Yellow fever in Cuba will again be exterminated by the medical officers of the American army. A vigorous campaign of fumigation and cleaning up has already begun.

Cienfuegos, where the disease first appeared, has been divided into districts, and steps are being taken to bring about a better sanitary condition. The same methods will be employed in other cities, and when the work is finished the island will be as clear of yellow fever, army officers believe, as it was after the war with Spain. A house to house inspection will be made.

Gov. Magoon's decree placing the entire sanitation work under the government in Havana with the yellow fever and sanitary experts of the army in charge, will be issued in a few days. This action is of the utmost importance.

Reports reaching the war department from Havana and Marianao show that the situation in the army is improving.

BLIND WORKERS CONVENE

Miss Helen Keller Welcomes Delegates to Meeting.

Boston, Mass., August 27.—The ninth convention of the American Association of Workers for the Blind, which was opened in this city today, brought together many persons prominent through their work in the interests of the blind, some of them sightless themselves.

The feature of the convention's work at the morning sessionwas a discussion on a paper by Dr. C. F. Fraser, superintendent of the Halifax, N. S., school for the blind, on "the needs of our schools for the blind." Among those who took part in the discussion were Miss Christine LeBarraque, the first blind woman lawyer in the United States, and Dr. F. J. Campbell, the sightless founder and superintendent of the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind at London, England.

Miss Helen Keeler and General F. H. Appleton, superintendent of the Perkins' institution for the blind, welcomed the delegates at the opening of the convention. The sessions of the blind workers will continue through Friday.

CHOATE'S NEW PROPOSAL

Calls for Reduced Number of High Court Judges.

The Hague, August 27.—Joseph H. Choate and James Brown Scott, for the American delegation to the peace conference, have drawn up a new proposition with respect to the allotment of judges for the international high court of justice. In this proposal the United States announced the willingness of all the countries of the American continent, including the United States, to have four judges appointed for the 21 countries of the continent, on the understanding, arrived at through diplomatic channels, that this will reduce the number of judges to 15.

The proposal does not go any further, but it is understood that the Americans hope the other continent will take similar action, that Asia will be allotted two judges and Europe nine.

NATURAL LIMESTONE CAVE

Is "Spanish Bullion Mine," Says Prosecutor.

Denver, August 27.—Arguments in the case of the Bullion Spanish Mines company, whose promoters are charged with fraudulent use of the mails, were begun in the United States district court yesterday afternoon. The case went to the jury today.

The prosecution alleges that the mine, situated near Silver City, N. M., and which the defendants say was worked centuries ago by the Spanish, is, in fact, a natural limestone cave with no indication of mineral value. Many expert witnesses have testified and much conflicting evidence on the value of the property has been given.

DEMAND DEATH PENALTY

For Alleged Ploters Against Czar Who Deny Guilt.

St. Petersburg, August 27.—The examination of the persons accused of plotting against the life of the emperor of Russia last May came to an end today. A witness for the defense denied that the social revolutionists were connected with the plot. Counsel for the prosecution contended that the guilt of the prisoners had been fully established. He asserted that they belonged to the Social Revolutionary party and demanded the death penalty. Decision was reserved.

CONVICTS KEEP OWN BOOKS

Novel Suggestion to Prevent Confusion in Accounts.

Albany, August 27.—Each convict in the state prisons will be furnished with a book in which to keep his accounts, in order that he may know at any time his exact financial condition, if the recommendation made by Comptroller Glynn is carried out. The recent investigations of the management of prisons showed, it is alleged, a laxity in the care of convicts' deposit fund and that the convict was unable to keep track of his account, depending entirely on the prison officials.

All prison money is to be deposited daily, as the result of finding $24,000 in the safe at Auburn prison.

SEC. ROOT'S BROTHER DEAD

Utica, N. Y., August 27.—Prof. Oren Root, of Hamilton college, brother of Secretary of State Root, died last night.

STEAMSHIP WAR GROWS

One Line After Another Cuts Rate to Europe.

If Conflict Continues Housewife Can Go to Europe to Shop at Small Expense.

New York, Aug. 27.—Shipping men are watching with interest the trans-Atlantic steamship war, which continues to grow. Every day has its developments now, as one line after another cuts the rate. If the conflict keeps up much longer bargain hunters will get a chance to go to Europe on shopping expeditions at cheap rates.

The causes of the fight are many and varied. The steerage rate war, which brought the trouble to a head, is the direct result of the refusal of one of the Continental lines to permit the Russian volunteer fleet to enter the steamship conference and thus have access to the conference agent and the general business. The so-called conference was established by agreement among the lines for the purpose of settling differences, distributing business and maintaining rates. It has now collapsed.

Other alleged causes for the fight are the entrance of the new Cunarder Lusitania into the competition and the trouble which started months ago over a protest by the German lines against the White Star line's minimum rates announced for steamers of the Arabic and Baltic class, boats that draw the finest class of tourists, but for which the company demanded from the other lines a differential on account of the slower speed of these steamers.

John Lee, vice president of the International Mercantile Marine company, in speaking of the trouble, said:

"There has been an understanding among the North Atlantic companies, but there was nothing binding, nothing to prevent them from doing what they are doing now. What the end will be is not difficult to forecast. After every company has lost about as much money as it feels it can afford, there will be meetings and concessions and agreements without end."

SUN POPS CORN ON COB AND HATCHES CHICKENS.

Washington, August 27.—Hart Momsen; chief of the agricultural division of the census office, is in Indian Territory assisting in taking the census. He reports unofficially: "James Miller has a cornfield where he raises choice popcorn.

"So intense has been the heat of the sun that the kernels have exploded on the cob into fluffy white flakes.

"When the sun creeps up 'pop, pop, pop,' is heard all through the corn patch.

"Miller is now eating popcorn off the cob. An ear of the corn may be seen in a store window here.

"Besides popping corn the sun is hatching chickens out of crates of fresh eggs."

KILL PERSIAN OFFICERS

Invading Turks Also Slaughter Inoffensive Villagers.

Teheran, Aug. 26.—General Samsam Dowleh and other Persian officers, according to reports received here, have been killed by the invading Turks, after having been taken prisoners. Many inoffensive villagers, including women and children, have been slaughtered, women have been carried off, a church has been defiled and much grain and other property have been taken and destroyed.

Thre are no signs of the withdrawal of Turkish troops. Another report says that the Turks have occupied Mervian, in Perisa.

OHIO IS IN FIFTH PLACE

In Wood Pulp Industry—New York in Lead.

Washington, August 27.—Bulletin 80, which has just been issued by the census bureau and was prepared under the supervision of William M. Steuart, chief statistician for manufactures, presents statistics relating to the manufacture of paper and wood pulp. At the census of manufactures taken in 1905 the reported value of the products of this industry was $188,715,189. The industry gave employment to 65,964 wage-earners, and the capital invested in it was reported as $277,444,471. At the census of 1900 the value of products was $127,326,162; the number of wage-earners, 49,646; and the investment of capital, $167,507,713. Going back ten years further, we find that these items, as reported at the census of 1890, were as follows: Value of products, $78,937,184; number of wage-earners, 31,050; capital, $89,829,548.

The leading state in this industry is New York, for which the reported product at the census of 1905 was $37,750,605. The state which ranks next in value of product is Massachusetts, for which the return was $32,012,247. Maine comes next, with a value of product reported at $22,951,124. Then come, in the order named, Wisconsin ($17,544,174), Pennsylvania ($15,411,032), and Ohio ($10,961,527). These six states produced in the aggregate products to the value of $136,930,709, representing 72.6 per cent of the total production of looked for witha great deal of interest. canfigure out established methods.

TAFT TRAVELS ALL DAY

No Speeches Booked—In Kansas City Tonight.

Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 27.—Secretary of War William H. Taft, is spending today traveling from Springfield, Mo. to Kansas City. He is not booked to make any speeches today. The secretary left Springfield this morning, accompanied by United States Senator William Warner and others. He will be met at Olathe, Kansas, late this afternoon by a committee of Kansas City men, who will escort him to this city, where he is expected to arrive this evening. The program in Kansas City includes a drive about the city, a reception and an informal dinner. Secretary Taft will continue his journey tomorrow morning.

EARL OF DUNMORE DEAD

Was Most Prominent Christian Scientist in England.

London, August 27.—The Earl of Dunmore, the most prominent Christian Scientist in England, who last December visited Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, at Concord, N. H., died last night at Trimley Manor, near Canterbury. He was suddenly attacked by illness and died before a doctor could be summoned.

The late earl was born in 1841 and married a daughter of the second Earl of Leicester. His only son, Viscount Fincastle, a major of the Sixteenth Lancers, succeeds to the title. The late Earl Dunmore owned about 78,800 acres of land.

IS QUIET AT CASABLANCA

All Moroccan Ports Remain Calm—Fighting Ceases.

Paris, Aug. 27.—Vice Admiral Philibert cables from Casablanca under yesterday's date that all the Moroccan ports remain calm, that there has been no further fighting at Casablanca, and that the French scouting parties are not encountering any resistance.

The Europeans who presumably left Fez August 24 for El-Araish, will, on their arrival, be taken on board the French cruiser Du Chayla.

MUTINY ON THE RALEIGH

Now Coaling at Honolulu, Is Reported.

Said Men Rebel Because They Have Not Had Shore Leave in Two Months.

Honolulu, Aug. 27.—The officers and men of the United States cruiser Raleigh complain of having no shore leave for the past two months, as a result there has almost been a mutiny on board and the coaling of the cruiser has been delayed.

No Word at Washington.

Washington, Aug. 27.—No advices have been received at the navy department concerning the report of threatened mutiny on board are cruiser Raleigh, now stationed at Honolulu. It is said here that any difficulty concerning shore leave or any interference with the coaling of the vessel would be settled by the commander ,unless the trouble reached such proportions as to maks consultation with the navy department officials absolutely necessary.

ARREST J. P. FARRELL

And Forty Others on Charge of "Unlawful Assembly."

Longford, Ireland, August 27.—James P. Farrell, Irish Nationalist member of parliament for North Longford, and 40 others were arrested early this morning and are now being tried by a special court convened for the purpose, on the charge of taking part in an "unlawful assembly likely to cause a riot."

Mr. Farrell had been holding meetings throughout his constituency, at which exciting scenes occurred between Nationalists and memoers of the Sinn Fein society. In addition, many cattle have been driven from the grazing lands district, which the prosecution alleges was encouraged by Mr. Farrell and other speakers. Large forces of police are being dispatched here, trouble being anticipated.

Mr. Farrell is the editor and proprietor of the Longford Leader, a Nationalist paper circulating in the counties of Longford and West Meath, Roscommon and Leitrim, and is the author of a "History of the County of Longford." At the general election of 1900 Mr. Farrell was returned unopposed from North Longford, succeeding Justin McCarthy, who resigned.

FOUR DIE IN FLAMES

Believed to Have Been of Incendiary Origin.

Oklahoma City ,August 27.—Searching for an exit from the death trap that confronted them, and hemmed in on all sides, four persons were burned to death early today in a fire on East Grand avenue.

The fire is believed to have been incendiary in origin.

RURAL CARRIERS ADJOURN

Express Thanks for Increase, Ask for Promotion System.

Dayton, Ohio, August 26.—The Ohio Association of Rural Mail Carriers at the final session Saturday afternoon selected Zanesville as the next place of meeting, and re-elected all the old officers with the exception of the vice president. I. J. Clevington, of Dayton, was elected to that post. The following delegates to the national convention were elected: L. J. Steinbrecker, Mt. Healthy, delegate at large; John D. Steddon, Lebanon; J. W. Search, Kingston; J. E. Kite, St. Paris; Thomas B. Smith, Prospect; C. F. Durr, Ashtabula county, and E. S. Brooks, Logan county. J. D. Steddon, of Lebanon, is the president of the state association.

Following the election Third Assistant Postmaster General A. L. Lacoke addressed the convention. He talked on departmental work, and complimented the Ohio association upon its activity in various lines.

Resolutions were adopted extending thanks for a recent increase in salary; viewing with satisfaction the introduction of a general system of uniforms for carriers; adding three delegates to the committee on officers' reports and urging that the system of promotion maintained by the postoffice department be extended to rural carriers.

WAR AGAINST BLACK HAND

In Pennsylvania Effective — Some Americans Implicated.

Harrisburg, Pa., August 27.—Effective war, it is announced, is being waged against the Black Hand throughout Pennsylvania by the state constabulary and the indications are that the troops will soon rid the commonwealth of its murderous organizations. The state police authorities are in possession of information that Black Hand operations are directed from central headquarters in New York and that the agents actively engaged in the work of intimidation are not all foreigners, some Americans being implicated.

More than fifty arrests have been made by the state police in the last six months in connection with Black Hand operations. Nearly all these persons have been fined or imprisoned, though some are still awaiting trial.

RECALL TURKISH TROOPS

If They Are Found on Persian Territory Is Plan.

Constantinople, August 27.—The Persian legation, having protested against the continued occupation of Persian territory by Turkish troops and the atrocities committed by Kurds in the disputed frontier districts, the port has decided to send a commission to the frontier with instructions to make an inquiry conjointly with Persian delegates and to order the withdrawal of the Turks immediately if it is found that they are on Persian territory. The decision seems to promise a satisfactory solution of the difficulty.

TRY TO BLOW UP A TRAIN

Dynamite Shatters Windows of Passenger Coach.

Cripple Creek, Col., August 23.—An attempt was made yesterday to blow up the incoming Short Line passenger train with dynamite at St. Peter's Dome, midway between Cripple Creek and Colorado Springs. Every window in the last car was broken and M. J. McCarthy, of Victor, deputy state mine inspector, had his hand cut. A number of women fainted.

A similar attempt was made to blow up the same train at Duffield, Wednesday. The dynamiters escaped, but the sheriff is on their trail.

READY FOR START TO POLE

Wellman Has Completed Trial Tests of His Balloon.

Paris, Aug. 26.—The Matin this morning prints a telegram from Walter Wellman, dated August 21, saying that all the preliminary trial tests of the balloon machinery had been accomplished, and that everything was ready for the start. The explorer was only awaiting better weather to enable him to regulate his compasses and make a trial ascension, and hoped to start for the pole in a few days.

FLOUR AND BUTTER UP

Millers Boost Former Twenty Cents a Barrel.

Smaller Loaves to Be Made—Lard Is Also on the Climb.

Bread and butter will cost slightly more from now on as the result of a coincident rise in both floor and butter quotations. Within the last ten days a steadily advancing market has carried the price of wheat up fully eight cents. This in turn, has forced millers to boost flour about 20 cents on the barrel. While the price of the loaf of bread will not be changed, many makers wil find it necessary to reduce the amount of materinal, on the theory that the consumer may not object to a smaller loaf as strenuously as if the price were raised.

Flour is not the only material used by bakers to advance. Lard is higher than ever, and has become another problem to the breadmaker. Several baking concerns having stocked up heavily when flour was cheaper, say they will be able to sell bread at the same price and weight as before unless the raw materials advance to a prohibitive figure.

Butter advanced a full cent this morning, notwithstanding the favorable conditions in the dairy districts. It is said the big packing houses are absorbing all stock offered for next winter when the market is expected to range ten cents or so higher.

The increased cost of butter and flour will be felt in other places than where bread is made. All sorts of cakes, cookies and fired cakes will be more expensive to make. In the big bakeries much butter is used in fancy goods. During the last few months the sales of butterine have increased heavily, owing to the high cost of butter.

FIVE ARE SUFFOCATED

By Smoke in a Boston Tenement House Fire.

Boston, August 24.—Five persons were suffocated by smoke from a fire in the tenement at 449 Norfolk street, Somerville, early today and two others overcome. The dead:

Margaret Cooper, 25 years old; John Maret Cooper, aged 6 years; John Cooper, Maret Cooper, aged 6 years; John Coper, aged 5 years; Cheresa Cooper, aged 2 years. The last three are children of Margaret Cooper.

Martin Cooper, the father of the three children, and William, his three-year-old son, suffered from inhaling smoke and were removed to the hospital.

KELLOGG SEES PRESIDENT

Oyster Bay, August 27.—Frank B. Kellogg, special counsel for the government in several trust cases, was one of the President's callers yesterday. It is understood he discussed the details of the suit to dissolve the Standard Oil company of New Jersey, a hearing in which will take place in New York Sept. 3.

THE MARKETS.

The Grain Market.

Toledo, O., August 27.—Under the pressure of profit taking, wheat eased off slightly this morning. Considering the amount unloaded, the market evinced a healthy undertone. Jones and Inglis estimate the crop at 525,000,000 bushels and $1.50 wheat. Brosseau received a wire at Chicago from Winnipeg, stating that great damage had been done in the Canadian northwest by frosts. Weather at Winnipeg was reported cloudy, with heavy rains last night. The temperature was 58. Minneapolis cars were 54, versus 39 last year. At Winnipeg car lots were 38, versus 52 last year. Some are inclined to think the northwest is buying. Liverpool was from ½d to ⅝d higher. Cash wheat was off ½c at 90½c. A slight advance was reported at the noon hour. At 91c September was up ½c. December opened ⅜c off at 96¼c, later dropping ¼c lower. May opened ¼c off at 102¼c.

Wheat bulged fully a cent at 12 m. on buying by the northwest and covering by shorts on predictions of frost in Manitoba. Profit taking and selling by commission houses caused wheat to dip later. Frost is predicted by Winnipeg for tonight. With the exception of France and the United Kingdom, where big crops will be raised, unfavorable conditions exist in Europe, according to Broomhall. Liverpool closed unchanged to ⅛d higher. The finals were: Cash, 90¼c; September, 90⅜c; December, 96¼c; May, 102¼c.

On selling by the Bartlett people and Wagner, corn weakened. Liverpool at 1:30 was ⅜d higher; September opened 1c lower at 63c. Soon after the beginning of the session the option lost ⅜c. At 59⅜c December was down ¼c. At the end of the first hour, another drop of ¼c acrued. In opening at 60⅜c May was down ⅛c. The noon price was 60¼c.

Corn offerings are expected heavier within the next few days. Bartlett & Frazier sold and then bought. Frost scares in the spring wheat districts have not affected corn. Liverpool closed ⅜d up. The local finals were: Cash, 63½c; September, 62½c; December, 58⅞c; May, 59½c.

Trade in oats was light. All options opened unchanged or lower. September at noon was unchanged at 51¼c. Down ⅛c at 49½c, December sank ⅛c lower during the initial hour. May opened unchanged at 49½c but swung up to 49⅞c soon after the opening.

Oats displayed but little activity. Cash closed at 51¼c; September at 50⅜c; December at 48½c, and May at 49c.

Clover seed trade was dull and the market slightly easier. Cash opened unchanged at $10.00, as did October at $9.90. December and March were 2½c lower at $9.32½ and $9.37½, respectively.

Clover seed received good support from local buyers despite the incipient weakness of the morning. The closes were: Cash, $10.00; October, $9.85; December, $9.30; March $9.35.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Aug. 27.	Aug. 26.
Wheat—				**—Close—**	
Cash	90½	91½	90¼	90½	91
Sept.	92⅞	93⅞	90⅜	90⅜	91¼
Dec	96¼	97½	95⅜	96¼	96⅞
May	1.02½	1.03½	1.01¾	1.02¼	1.02¾
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	63½	64
Sept.	63	....	62	62¼	64
Dec.	59¾	....	59¼	58⅝	60
May	60⅝	....	59½	59½	60½
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	51¼	51
Sept.	49½	51¾	....	50⅜	51½
Dec.	49½	....	49¼	48½	49¾
May	49½	49⅞	....	49	49½
Clover Seed—					
Cash	10.00	....	....	10.00	10.00
Oct.	9.90	....	....	9.85	9.90
Dec.	9.32½	....	....	9.30	9.35
May	9.37½	....	....	9.35	9.40
Rye—					
No. 1	....	....	....	77	77¼
No 2	....	....	....	76	76½
No. 3	....	....	....	72-73	72½
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	2.00	2.10
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	9.50	9.50

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Sept.	91⅝	92⅜	90⅝	90¾	91⅜
Dec.	97	97⅞	96	96¾	97⅛
May	1.02⅞	1.04⅝	1.02¼	1.02⅝	1.03⅛
Aug.	90¼	....	....	....	....
Corn—					
Sept.	60⅝	....	59⅞	60¼	60¾
Dec.	59⅝	....	58½	58⅝	59½
May	60	....	48⅝	59	59⅞
Oats—					
Sept.	51¾	....	....	50⅞	51½
Dec.	48½	....	47¾	47½	48⅜
May	49¾	....	49	49½	49⅝

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Sept.	1.60¼	....	....	....	1.00½
Dec.	1.04⅜	....	....	....	10.4¾

Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, August 27.—Hog receipts were again light and prices higher today. Shipping orders were liberal and the supply short of trade requirements. Mixed loads of good quality were quoted generally at 7c. Prospects for the immediate future indicate an erratic market until receipts are more liberal.

Cattle were steady, veal, calves, sheep and lambs firm.

Toledo closing live stock quotations:

Hogs—Selected heavies, average 200 to 250 lbs., $6.00@6.65; mediums, $6.35@6.90; yorkers, $7.00; bulk of sales, $7.00; pigs, $7.00; stags and roughs, $4.00@5.40; good mixed, $7.00.

Cattle—Good to prime steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $5.50@6.00; good to choice, $5.25@5.50; good fats, 1,050 and 1,250 lbs., $5.25@5.50; fair to good, 900 to 1,000 lbs., $4.85@5.25; common to light steers, $4.00@4.75; choice fat cows, $4.00@4.50; fair to good cows, $3.50@3.85; common cows, $2.00@3.00; tanners and cutters, $1.50@2.25; prime export bulls, $4.25@4.65; good butcher bulls, $4.00@4.50; fair to good bolognas, $3.75@4.25; common, $3.00@3.25; choice fat heifers, $3.00@3.50; good to choice feeders, $4.75@5.00; fair to good feeders, $4.25@4.65; stockers, good to choice, $4.00@4.75; stockers, common to fair, $3.00@4.00; milkers and springers, $2.50@4.50.

Calves — Choice to extra, $7.00@7.50; fair to good, $6.00@7.00; common to light $4.50@5.50; heavy and fed, $3.00@4.50.

Sheep and Lambs — Prime wethers, clipped, $4.50@5.50; good to choice, mixed sheep, clipped $5.00@5.50; fair to good ewes, $4.25@5.00; mixed sheep, clipped, culls and common, clipped, $3.50@4.00; clipped lambs, $7.00@7.25; yearlings, $5.00@6.00; spring lambs, $6.50@7.50.

Chicago, Aug. 27.—Cattle: Receipts about 7,000; market steady to 10c lower; beeves, $4.20@7.25; cows, $1.30@5.50; Texas steers, $3.75@5.25; calves, $6.50@7.50; stockers and feeders, $2.60@5.00; western cattle, $4.25@6.50.

Hogs: Receipts about 17,000; market slow and steady; light, $5.90@6.50; mixed, $5.65@6.40; heavy, $5.65@6.40; rough, $5